

**HOTEL LOVE FOR RENT!**

# **RAGE**

**THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN**

**DEC.**

35c ACE

**CIVIL WAR THRILLER:  
THE REBEL NAVY'S  
MILLION DOLLAR  
TREASURE TRAIN**

**SIN in the  
SUBURBS**

**THE KILLER CAT  
HAD NINE LIVES!**

**"THE BITCH  
WAS BATHED  
IN BLOOD!"**

**BALLPLAYERS  
BABES & BOOZE**

**ALL THIS—AND  
TALENT, TOO!  
A private peep at  
some posing pips!**



**DEATH  
FOR A  
HUMAN  
DEVIL!**





# I'LL MAKE YOU A MASTER OF KARATE

(Karate is the secret, Oriental art of deadly self-defense that turns your hands, arms or legs into paralyzing weapons... without any bodily contact.)

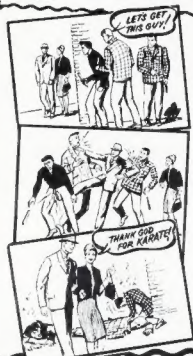
**in just 2 hours after you receive "SUPER KARATE" you will be on your way to being an invincible Karate Master, at home, this Fast, EASY picture way or it costs you nothing.**

**100's of illustrations**

**only 99¢**

Special Introductory Price

**WALLACE W. REUMANN**  
 Author of "SUPER KARATE" and world-famous authority on KARATE, is the ONLY Instructor in the Northeast U.S. recognized by the International Karate Federation in Tokyo. Spending 3 years with the military Police in Japan, Reumann learned the ancient Oriental practice of KARATE thoroughly. In 1959 he was awarded the coveted 4th Degree Black Belt. He now operates 2 KARATE Schools in the U.S.



I spent 3 years in Japan learning the little-known Oriental art of KARATE, and was awarded the 4th Degree Black Belt—symbol of the highest possible proficiency. Now I'm ready to show you every secret I learned—and I guarantee I'll make YOU into a KARATE Specialist within hours—or even cent you paid for my information will be refunded!

You don't have to attend either of my 2 schools where I train men like you and turn them into KARATE experts. No, I can show you how to practice KARATE in the privacy of your own home with only a few minutes a day. I have jam-packed all I know about KARATE into "SUPER KARATE"—profusely illustrated and clearly explained. In this book I take you step by step through the fundamentals of KARATE so that you understand clearly and immediately how these amazing principles operate to make you master of ANYONE you may meet—no matter how big he is, or how much he weighs!

## YOUR BODY IS YOUR PROTECTION!

The result of hundreds of years of development in Japan, KARATE is the Oriental system of self-defense in which you turn your hands, arms and legs into invincibly powerful weapons of attack. When you know how to use KARATE, you disarm and disable your opponent in SECONDS.

When you apply KARATE techniques, you can cut an aggressor down with a blow of the side of

your hand. You, can toss an attacker from the rear over your shoulder and slam him into the ground. (In fact, a recent photograph in *Pagant Magazine* shows a 115-lb. girl slamming her 240-lb. instructor into the practice mat!)

With KARATE you can disarm an opponent rushing you with his fists, a broken bottle, a revolver, or any kind of bludgeon. You can turn an aggressor's attack into your advantage with only your bare hands, your arms and your legs.

What would you do if you were insulted by a bully? ... or if 3 or 4 hoodlums passed remarks about your girl? ... or if you were suddenly nudged from behind? ... or if someone came at you with a baseball bat? If you're like millions of other Americans, you'd be absolutely helpless—and you'd be ashamed, humiliated, robbed, beaten, kicked—and pitiful in the eyes of your girl or friend!

## MASTER EVERY SITUATION!

With KARATE you can disarm and disable two, three and even four attackers. You can apply a simple pressure of your thumb and finger against any one of a dozen vital nerve centers of your opponent and watch his gun or knife fall from his limp hand while he himself sinks to the ground completely helpless and faint.

You can calmly watch a bully come at you with clenched fists—and see him sail over your head without having had any contact with him other than with the sole of your shoe! When you

complete my instructions, you'll be ready for ANYONE—for ANY emergency—and you will feel supremely confident of being able to handle any situation perfectly.

In fact, a knowledge of KARATE will turn you into a NEW MAN even if you never actually have to use it! For you will become self-assured and completely confident of yourself and your ability to handle yourself. You will walk with a determined and confident step ... you'll look any man in the eye ... and you'll walk the streets with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you—that you can deal with any man, any weapon, any situation—and that you can do all this with NO bodily contact!

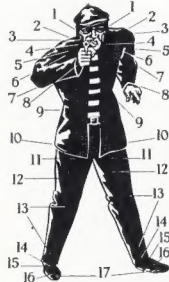
## Costs ONLY 99¢

You owe it to your own peace of mind—to your loved ones—to be able to defend yourself in these days when attack may come at any time from hoodlums, criminals and "swagmen." So mail coupon below NOW for my complete instruction on KARATE—for the amazingly low price of only 99¢ plus 26¢ for postage and handling. If you and your friends don't say KARATE has made a new man out of you, every cent will be refunded! PS: If you order now—I'll include without extra charge your personal Membership Card in the American Karate Federation.

**LIFE Magazine says "... bare-fisted violence"**

## GIANT LIFE-LIKE KARATE PRACTICE DUMMY

**only 99¢**



**INCLUDES ILLUSTRATED KARATE INSTRUCTION PROGRAM!** Now you can speed up your knowledge of KARATE and become a champ more quickly than you ever thought possible! You can practice on your own personal KARATE model—just as though you actually had a live partner to work with! Amazingly life-like Giant KARATE PRACTICE DUMMY shows clearly those vulnerable areas which should be attacked. Instantly you know WHERE to attack, while the easy-to-follow instructions included free with your KARATE MODEL show you HOW to attack. You also learn the body's major vulnerable regions, the defense or on-guard position to take, and your body's personal reasons which you can use to deadly effect, such as edge of hand, knee, elbow, etc. Big numbers on DUMMY show you exact location of pressure points and weak spots which you can practice attacking. Order your own personal DUMMY and illustrated KARATE instructions now. Check coupon.

Only 99¢ plus 26¢ for postage.

## SPECIAL MONEY-SAVING COMBINATION OFFER!

**\$ 98**

Order both the SUPER KARATE BOOK and LIFE-LIKE DUMMY for only \$1.98 postpaid and SAVE 52¢. Just check box in coupon below. We pay all postage and handling.

## MAIL MONEY-SAVING NO-RISK FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

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- ☐ Rush your special Combination money-saving package of SUPER KARATE BOOK and DUMMY. I enclose \$1.98 as payment in full (I save 52¢) Ship in plain wrapper. My friends and I must be delighted with my amazing new power or you refund my money in full.
- ☐ Rush my copy of SUPER KARATE BOOK in plain wrapper for which I enclose 99¢ plus 26¢ for postage and handling (total: \$1.25).
- ☐ Rush my life-like Karate DUMMY in plain wrapper, for which I enclose 99¢ plus 26¢ for postage and handling (total: \$1.25).

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 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I understand that by studying KARATE I am morally bound and obligated never to practice KARATE as an aggressor (only to defend myself) and will never abuse it.



# Profits That Lie Hidden in America's Mountain of Broken Electrical Appliances

By J. M. Smith President, National Radio Institute



**And I mean profits for you — no matter who you are, where you live, or what you are doing now. Do you realize that there are over 400 million electrical appliances in the homes of America today? So it's no wonder that men who know how to service them properly are making \$3 to \$5 an hour — in spare time or full time! I'd like to send you a Free Book telling how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.**



THE COMING OF THE AUTO created a multi-million dollar service industry, the auto repair business. Now the same thing is happening in the electrical appliance field. But with this important difference: anybody with a few simple tools can get started in appliance repair work. No big investment or expensive equipment is needed.

The appliance repair business is booming — because the sale of appliances is booming. One thing naturally follows the other. In addition to the 400,000,000 appliances already sold, this year alone will see sales of 76 million new appliances. For example, 4,750,000 new coffee makers, almost 2,000,000 new room air conditioners, 1,425,000 new clothes dryers. A nice steady income awaits the man who can service appliances like these. And I want to tell you why that man can be *you* — even if you don't know a volt from an ampere now.

## A Few Examples of What I Mean

Now here's a report from Earl Reid, of Thompson, Ohio: "In one month I took in approximately \$648 of which \$510 was clear. I work only part time." And, to take a big jump out to California, here's one from

J. G. Stinson, of Long Beach: "I have opened up a small repair shop. At present I am operating the shop on a spare time basis — but the way business is growing it will be a very short time before I will devote my full time to it."

Don't worry about how little you may now know about repair work. What John D. Pettis, of Bradley, Illinois wrote to me is this: "I had practically no knowledge of any kind of repair work. Now I am busy almost all my spare time and my day off — and have more and more repair work coming in all along. I have my shop in my basement."

## We Tell You Everything You Need to Know

If you'd like to get started in this fascinating, profitable, rapidly growing field — let us give you the home training you need. Here's an excellent opportunity to build up "a business of your own" without big investment — open up an appliance repair shop, become independent. Or you may prefer to keep your present job, turn your spare time into extra money.

You can handle this work anywhere — in a corner of your basement or garage, even

on your kitchen table. No technical experience, or higher education is necessary. We'll train you at home, in your spare time, using methods proven successful for over 45 years. We start from scratch — tell you in plain English, and show you in clear pictures — everything you need to know. And, you will be glad to know, your training will cost you less than 20¢ a day.

## FREE BOOK and Sample Lesson

I think that our 24-page Free Book will open your eyes to a whole world of new opportunities and how you can "cash in" on America's "Electrical Appliance Boom."

I'll also send you a Free Sample Lesson. It shows how simple and clearly illustrated our instruction is — how it can quickly prepare you for a profitable future in this big field. Just mail coupon, letter, or postcard to me: Mr. J. M. Smith, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. N9M Washington 16, D.C. (No obligation, of course — and no salesman will call on you.)

## EARN WHILE YOU LEARN with this APPLIANCE TESTER

### — Yours at No Extra Charge

Your NRI Course comes complete with all the parts to assemble a sturdy, portable Appliance Tester that helps you earn while you learn. Easy-to-follow manual tells how to assemble and use the Tester right away. Locate faulty cords, short circuits, poor connections, etc. in a jiffy; find defects in house wiring, measure electricity used by appliances; many other uses.

With this Tester you save time and make money by doing jobs quicker, making sure appliances operate correctly after repairs.



## MAIL THIS FOR FREE BOOK and SAMPLE LESSON

Mr. J. M. Smith, President  
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE  
Dept. N9M Washington 16, D.C.

Tell me how I can "cash in" on the "Electrical Appliance Boom." Send me your illustrated FREE BOOK that outlines the whole NRI Course, tells what opportunities are open to me, answers my questions, describes success of other students, and much more. Also send me the FREE SAMPLE LESSON so I can see how clear and easy your instructions are. I am particularly interested in:

☐ Spare Time Earnings ☐ Business of My Own ☐ Better Job

I understand there is no obligation on my part; and no salesman will call on me.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Accredited Member National Home Study Council





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ALL THIS—AND TALENT, TOO...  
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# RAGE

VOL. 2 NO. 1, 1961

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# ROYAL JELLY the Queen Bee's Special Food...ITS SECRET OF PROLONGED LIFE!

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**JENASOL**  
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 Inositol 15 Mgm.  
 dl-Methionine 10 Mgm.  
 Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> 5 Mgm.  
 Lemon Bifluoride Complex 3 Mgm.  
 Vitamin A 12,500 USP Units  
 Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> 75 Mgm.  
 Vitamin B<sub>3</sub> 10 Mgm.  
 Vitamin B<sub>6</sub> 5 Mgm.  
 Vitamin C 50 Mgm.  
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 Calcium 50 Mgm.  
 Panthothenic 4 Mgm.  
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## ROYAL JELLY Wins Approval Before Congress of 5,000 Doctors

The men of Medical Science who have experienced with Royal Jelly, claim that Royal Jelly will perform the function of INCREASING MEN & WOMEN'S WAKING POWERS.

Jenasol R. J. Formula 50, in the opinion of these reputable physicians removes any possible danger for the layman in the use of these powerful, concentrated, nutritional extracts. This is the latest and possibly the greatest advance in the history of Medical Science. This combination, created under the strict supervision of a Registered, Licensed Pharmacist, and Medical Doctor, named "Jenasol R. J. Formula 50," makes the use of these amazing elements perfectly safe.

Every man and woman who feels "old" and "played out" before their time should seriously consider the use of "Jenasol R. J. Formula 50" to increase their pep and energy.

Dr. De Pomiade, 80-year-old French Scientist and the Senior among the Physicians and Biochemists attending the Congress, said the Bee Secretion might have been known to Ancient Indians, Greeks and Romans, and might have been the "food for the Gods" or "Nektar" mentioned in the Mythology of these Countries.

## Royal Jelly Reported to Help Those Suffering From:

Mental Depression... Loss of Appetite... Sexual Weakness... Digestive Disturbances... Headaches... Decreased Vigor... Nervousness... Aches and Pains... Irritability.

### Take "JENASOL"

Formula 50

Capsules

Entirely

Safe

On Approval!

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Name.....  
 Address.....  
 City..... Zone..... State.....  
☐ Send C.O.D.; I will pay on delivery plus postage and C.O.D. Charges.  
**ALL ORDERS RUSHED IN PLAIN WRAPPER**

## Observations by Doctors of the Medical Congress Who Took Royal Jelly and Observed its Use Directly



- Royal Jelly alleviates suffering of men and women in their critical years in a sensational manner.
- Royal Jelly acts on weakened, tired eyes, giving instantly a sensation of new light.
- Feeling of tiredness disappears immediately.

- Royal Jelly gives a feeling of increased sexual drive and energy, especially to men and women over 40.
- Glandular studies may lead to new hope for men and women.
- Royal Jelly produces a pleasing state of relaxed well-being and eases tension.

## DISCOVERER OF INSULIN Dr. Frederick Banting

"The most complete Scientific Report on Royal Jelly was prepared under the direction of Dr. Frederick Banting."

"TEXAS A & M COLLEGE has been conducting experiments on Royal Jelly."

"PROFESSOR G. F. TOWNSEND OF ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE is resuming research on Royal Jelly..."

## Life May Begin Again After 40 as Queen Bee's Natural Food Rebuilds Man's Vitality and Drive

Royal Jelly is totally unlike honey, and has baffled scientists since the 1700's. In 1894, some of the mystery was dispelled when Leonard Borden, a French scientist discovered that Royal Jelly is secreted by special glands located in the heads of worker bees whose job is to nurse the Queen.

Intrigued by the strange longevity and extraordinary sexual powers of the Queen Bee, leading scientists have been trying to discover the Secret of the Royal Jelly that so benefits the Queen Bee.

It is not surprising that Royal Jelly has attracted Medical Attention throughout the world. Here is the substance, the sole diet of the Queen Bee in which lies the secret of the difference between her and the rest of the hive. For the Queen lives to 6 years, whereas the 20 to 40 thousand worker bees and the few hundred drones live but a few short months. The Queen Bee larva looks like all the rest, including those of the female worker bees. But only SHE is fertile, producing some 400,000 eggs annually.

Her food is ROYAL JELLY, secreted from the glands of the worker bees. The ingredients are nectar and pollen, plus honey, combined in a mysterious way by Nature to make up the "miracle food" ROYAL JELLY...

## No Doctor's Prescription Necessary

Order ROYAL JELLY with confidence. If for any reason JENASOL fails to satisfy you, your money will be refunded in full. Try it at our expense! JENASOL CO., World's Largest Producer of Royal Jelly Products...serving over a QUARTER A MILLION PEOPLE—in the U.S.A. and 46 foreign countries; 123 E. 46 St., New York 17, N.Y. Dept. 417

**Men and Women Agreed Wanted. Write for Free Literature.**

## Doctors Report "Miracle" Royal Jelly May Change Your Whole Life!

How would you like to awaken one morning and find yourself possessed with a marvelous sense of "well-being," full of New Pep and Vitality? Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could feel increased vigor and enjoy a "new lease on life"? Now... Scientists say this may happen to you!

## Royal Jelly May Mean "New Life" After 40

Reports from Europe tell of an 80 year old Centenarian whose physical condition would make a 50 year old envious. The map regularly partakes of Royal Jelly. According to a book published in England, when Russian Officials sent questionnaires to all the Centenarians (people over 100 years old) in the Soviet Union, more than half of them turned out to be keepers.

From France and Germany come amazing Scientific Reports of outstanding results obtained with Royal Jelly. One French Authority writes of women over 40 feeling increased vitality and of a wonderful feeling of "youth and well-being" that resulted from continued use of Royal Jelly.

At this moment, in Leading Universities, Scientists and Nutritionists and Medical Doctors are doing extensive work to determine the exact role that Royal Jelly may play in Your Sex Life, Your Health and Your Emotional Condition. These researchers are deeply interested in its effects on those who have passed middle age. They are working on Royal Jelly because this rare NATURAL FOOD has been indicated to contain remarkable Energy and Vitality Factors.

Doctor Paul Nichans, famous Swiss Surgeon and experimenter with Hormones says: "ROYAL JELLY is an activator of the glands..." Dr. Nichans discovered that many minor disabilities which afflict millions of people such as tiredness, irritability, headaches, insomnia, physical and spiritual convulsions, were easy to treat with the Cellular Therapeutics of the Secretion of the bees which we call Royal Jelly.

## See How JENASOL Capsules May Help You!

Swallow one CONCENTRATED JENASOL R. J. FORMULA 50 capsule daily. They combine 35 vitamins and minerals as well as the miracle food of the Queen Bee. This capsule dissolves instantly, releasing the super-factors of Royal Jelly which go to work immediately and reinforce and healthfully strengthens your own natural functions which may have become deficient.

## TRANQUILITY AND BLESSED RELIEF MAY AWAIT THE ROYAL JELLY USER

Here Are Some of the Symptoms of Approaching Old Age which Make Men and Women over 35 feel devaluated and "played out" before their time:  
 PHYSICALLY: MENTALLY: Emotionally:  
 "Human Dynamics" slow down • Dizziness • Weak feeling • Vague aches and pains • Listless, "don't care attitude" • Lacks recuperating power • Fatigues easily • Fails to get rest from sleep • Sexual weakness • Loss of interest and ability • Unable to make simple decisions • Can't concentrate • Nervousness • Tense • Moodiness • Lack of emotional control • Loss of interest in work • Loss of self-confidence • Feeling of futility • Worries needlessly • Fear of death • Insecurity • Fading memory • No zest for life • Difficult to get along with • Embarrassed

## Now You May Benefit from ROYAL JELLY the "ELIXIR OF YOUTH" of the Queen Bee

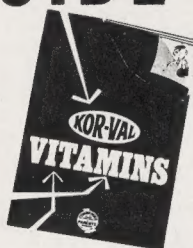
Two years ago, the world-famous French Nutrition Expert, Bernard Desouches wrote a book praising Royal Jelly as a Life Prolonger and Extraordinary Stimulator of Sexual Virility of the Queen Bee.

The Best Laboratories of Europe gave the Doctors of the 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics a great surprise when they confessed that their famous Medical Cream for the skin was prepared with Royal Jelly. The Doctors all knew that with this cream sagging breasts were raised and mammary glands of women were activated.



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YOUR  
PERSONAL  
COPY!



## ENJOY BETTER HEALTH AND SAVE MONEY, TOO!

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| VITAMIN A, 25,000 UNIT<br>(100 caps.)                       | \$ .75           | \$4.09                     |
| VITAMIN C—250 mg.<br>(100 tabs.)                            | \$ .85           | \$4.08                     |
| 9 VITAMINS PLUS B12<br>(250 caps.)                          | \$3.45           | \$6.96                     |
| THERAPEUTIC FORMULA<br>WITH MINERALS AND B12<br>(100 caps.) | \$3.98           | \$9.67                     |
| GERIATRIC FORMULA<br>(100 caps.)                            | \$3.49           | \$7.11                     |

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(Please enclose check or money order. Sorry,  
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IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ADVENTURE AND DON'T  
MIND HARD WORK—HOMESTEAD! UNCLE SAM WILL  
SET YOU UP IN A DREAM PLACE ALL YOUR OWN!

By ANN SCHREINER

EVER DREAM of owning your own piece of land? Well, you can do something about that dream. Uncle Sam has 450 millions acres that are in the public domain and you can get some of it for nothing! Yes, the days of free land aren't over.

But before you load all your belongings into your jalopy and head out in search of your bonanza, you should acquaint yourself with some of the facts and procedures. The rough and rugged days of the early pioneers may be over, but it still isn't going to be easy to get and hold the land you want. You'll have to have the same patience and perseverance as those early settlers who homesteaded and opened up the West.

Most of the vacant land available for homesteading is in Alaska. That northern region has 270,000,000 acres that are in the public domain and 95% of the land has yet to be surveyed. You can pick out up to 160 acres and if you can meet all the requirements, the government will give you the land free of charge.

Your chances of homesteading in the same way in the continental United States are very slim. Uncle Sam has been distributing land since the establishment of the homestead laws in 1862. Approximately half a million acres of land have been given out over the years. Hardly any of what is left can be cultivated as is

required by homesteading regulations.

However, you may be fortunate enough to be eligible for a grant on a reclaimed land project. This is not a part of the public domain, but acreage that has been recovered through the use of modern irrigation methods. Farms of this kind have been parceled out in such places as the Minidoka Project in Idaho, the Columbia Basin Project in central Washington and the Tulalake region in northern California. Plans are in progress for more units in the Gila Project near Yuma, Arizona and the Coachella Project in southern California.

If you don't want to farm, you can still get land that is in the public domain and that can't be homesteaded anyway. The Small Tracts Act of 1933 provided for the distribution of small parcels of vacant land. These sites can be used either for permanent homes, businesses, or for recreational purposes such as cabins for hunting and fishing. Tracts can be found in 26 states, most of it in the West. There are none left in the 13 original states, their subdivisions, or in Texas.

A lot of available land is in the desert and arid regions of southern California and Nevada. You'll find many people who have taken advantage of the Small Tracts Act in the region that extends from Lancaster, California to Victorville, up through the Yucca (Continued on page 56)



# LOSING YOUR HAIR?

## Amazing Medical Discovery From West Germany Result of 14 Years of Baldness Research!

**NEW! NEW!**

A Celebrated Success  
in Europe — Now a  
Sensation in America Too!



**Renowned West  
German Medical  
Doctor Develops  
Scalp Conditioner  
That Promotes  
Healthier, Thicker  
Hair Growth**

The German medical profession has a long and honored tradition in medical research and accomplishment. Dr. Kurt Riethmuller, M.D., the famed physician of Gevelsberg, West Germany . . . many, many years ago in connection with medical associates undertook critical research in the field of baldness. By examining all previous medical literature and coordinating it with his own findings, Dr. Riethmuller undertook years of scientific laboratory tests . . . studying and re-evaluating the causes of baldness . . . and what could be done to combat them. After 14 years, MEDUCRIN paid off in the perfection of MEDUCRIN! Dr. Riethmuller's formula actually sweeps away layers of dead skin that stifle hair growth . . . Meducrin penetrates deeply in the hair follicles themselves, removing waste tissue . . . aiding revascularization . . . stimulating the hair follicle. In short, if there is any life remaining . . . Meducrin prepares the scalp for regrowth of hair! At the same time, dandruff, thinning of hair, itchy scalp and tightness are improved immediately.

### A HEALTHY SCALP GROWS HEALTHY HAIR . . . AN UNHEALTHY SCALP GROWS POOR HAIR . . . AND FINALLY NO HAIR!

Perhaps you are starting to lose your hair and have noticed one or more of the typical symptoms that all too soon lead to baldness — hair thinning at your temples or on top of your head, excessive dryness or oiliness of your hair and scalp, tightness and itch of the scalp, dandruff, excessive hair loss . . . or perhaps you have been told that you are suffering from alopecia areata and there's nothing that can be done for you. DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT! Something can be done! Something WILL be done if you let miraculous MEDUCRIN help you as it has helped so many other bald and balding people "for whom there was no hope." MEDUCRIN can give you a healthy scalp with a healthy growth of hair once again. It can check the symptoms that lead to baldness if neglected. It can increase the life expectancy of your hair. It can improve your appearance, and all self-consciousness about your lack of hair — and give you a bright new outlook on life. MEDUCRIN can do all these things because it has been doing them for years — is doing it right this very minute — for many folks who had actually surrendered to baldness!

MEDUCRIN HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY USED IN THE TREATMENT OF THE FOLLOWING TYPES OF BALDNESS: ALPECIA AREATA, ALPECIA SEBORRHOIC, NON-CICATRICAL ALPECIA

### NO COSTLY OFFICE CALLS!

Benefit from MEDUCRIN in the privacy of your own home.

**NOTE TO DOCTORS:** Many doctors and dermatologists are now using Meducrin in Patient treatment. Doctors, clinics and hospitals engaged in working on scalp disorders are invited to write for additional literature on Meducrin.

Dr. Kurt Riethmuller, M.D. Discoverer of MEDUCRIN, says, "Millions of Men . . . and Women too . . . Can Still Save Their Hair . . . By Proper Scalp Hygiene . . . By Combatting The 5 Danger Signals of Baldness!"



**NEW HAIR  
GROWTH FOR  
MR. W. B.**

See what it did for Mr. W.B., who had tried all kinds of treatments for 7 years without success. Look at the new hair growth after three weeks with MEDUCRIN!



**TOTAL LOSS  
OF HAIR  
DUE TO  
ALOPECIA  
AREATA**

### WATCH FOR THESE 5 DANGER SIGNALS

Fortunately, most cases of baldness do not come on without warning. Nature notifies us while there is still time to do something to prevent baldness, while the hair follicles are still alive and capable of being stimulated once again. If you are suffering from any of the following symptoms, the time to act is RIGHT NOW!

1. Excessively dry hair and scalp
2. Excessive oiliness of hair and scalp
3. Dandruff
4. Tight, sore, itchy scalp
5. Excessive hair loss as revealed in your comb or brush, in your receding hair line, in thinning at the crown

### SPECIAL BARGAIN INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Your opportunity to **SAVE \$3.00** before MEDUCRIN is sold in stores!

REGULAR STORE PRICE \$18.00  
**NOW! By mail only \$15.00**  
*for limited time only*

### FREE HOME TRIAL NO RISK TO YOU!

Here is your chance to try Meducrin in the privacy of your own home . . . to judge the results for yourself . . . Order Meducrin today . . . make the 30-day home test . . . your own head will tell you the answer! If not satisfied, send for complete refund in accordance with our money-back guarantee! You can't lose . . . you can win . . . new hair health!



### READ THESE WORDS OF HOPE FROM MANY SATISFIED MEDUCRIN ENTHUSIASTS!

" . . . I am very happy with the results from using Meducrin. I use it myself, one bottle for dandruff and falling out hair. The dandruff disappeared after one bottle and the loss of hair is less." Dr. M. R., Ohio (who has also been using Meducrin for his patients.)

" . . . my hair is growing . . . and getting thicker!" Mr. A. P., Salinas, Calif.

" . . . I had persistent dandruff, dryness and tight scalp with excess loss of hair . . . has helped me much in only 1 1/2 months. E.J.S., Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

" . . . In three weeks new hair is very visible even to me, and my friends comment on it. Mr. C.H., L.I., New York.

**NOTE:** we cannot guarantee results such as shown above in your individual case, but we do unconditionally guarantee the condition of your hair and scalp will be helped immediately . . . or your money back.

### HELPS WOMEN AS WELL



Meducrin offers hope for women, too — even for those suffering from troublesome, hard-to-cure alopecia areata. Dr. Riethmuller's scientifically sound discovery has helped many despairing women to save their hair, gain new hair, new beauty, new self-confidence! It can do the same for you! Non-greasy . . . not oily!

### MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If not completely satisfied after thorough and proper use according to the simple, easy-to-use directions, your money will be refunded, if you return the unused portion within 30 days.

### MEDUCRIN MUST HELP YOU OR YOUR MONEY BACK

You can find out how much Meducrin can do for you — without any risk whatever. It is guaranteed to help the condition of your hair and scalp or you can return the unused portion for a FULL AND IMMEDIATE CASH REFUND of the entire purchase price — no delay, no questions asked (if returned within 30 days). What can you lose by trying? Nothing! What can you lose by NOT trying? Your hair or your hope for regrowing hair once again. ORDER MEDUCRIN — and a new, healthier head of hair — RIGHT NOW!

### ORDER NOW — SAVE \$3.00

125 E. 46 St., New York 17, N. Y. Dept. 927  
Please send me a five-week's supply of Meducrin Lotion and Meducrin Creme, with easy-to-follow instructions for use.

- ☐ I am enclosing \$15.00 which covers all mailing costs and taxes.  
☐ I enclose \$1. send C.O.D. Will pay postman balance, plus mailing charges.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

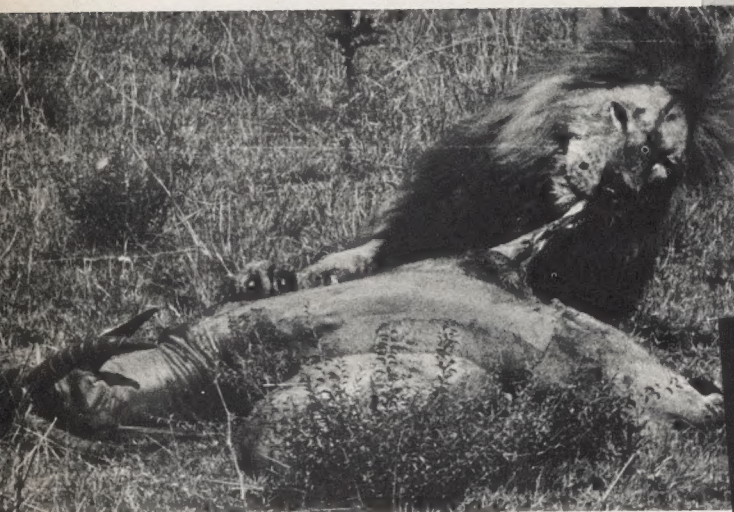
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (Postal Regulations). Cash with order necessary for these addresses.



WITH A ROAR THAT ROCKED THE JUNGLE THE CRAZED LION CLEARED THE DONGA WITH A MASSIVE LEAP. I FELT HIS HOT BREATH ON ME AND ONLY A SPLIT-SECOND LAY BETWEEN ME AND DEATH FROM RAKING CLAWS!

By BUD COTTAR



"The bullet had gotten him square in the chest. But I knew that lurking out there in the bush, watching me with angry eyes was the real killer—the devil-cat with nine lives!"



# THE *Killer* CAT HAD NINE LIVES!

THE LONG RAINS had ended, and I was spoiling for action. Besides, I needed the money. With the booming of the big guns in Europe, the safari business in Africa had fallen off badly. However there are other mats a white hunter can making a living. Hunting lions, for example. Abyssinian warriors will pay \$100 or more for a lion skin if it includes a fine, flowing mane. Fashioned into a headdress, it is the highly prized symbol of the virility and prowess of its wearer.

So I rounded up my veteran skinner Fundi, hired a gunbearer and crew of porters and set out for the Ithanga Hills in Kenya, where some of the biggest cats remaining in Africa are to be found. We made the long trek in easy stages, finally set up camp in a valley at the base of the eastern

slope of the rugged, purple range.

Late that afternoon while supper was on the fire Fundi and I explored the countryside. About 15 minutes out of camp we spotted a lone vulture perched in the top of a dead tree, staring intently at some object in a nearby thicket. In the land of Simba the experienced hunter is always alert to the attitude of game. When a big cat is on the prowl every beast in the vicinity will stand still and face it, never taking their eyes from it. Even the voracious vultures, which will drive hyenas and jackals off a carcass, prudently keep their distance and maintain their vigil when lions are feeding on a kill.

Circling cautiously, we came upon the freshly-killed body of a bull eland, largest member of the antelope family. (A big bull will weigh in the

neighborhood of 1500 pounds.) There were no lions about, but their tracks were all over the place. Apparently we'd disturbed them at their feast; hearing us approach, or catching our scent, they'd faded back in the bush.

Fundi trotted back to camp to summon the porters. With the added manpower we dragged the dead eland out into open country. I had it staked firmly in the ground and covered with wait-a-bit and acacia thornbush to keep off the vultures, and also to prevent the lions from eating their fill too quickly that night. I wanted them around when I returned next morning.

It was dark by the time we got back to camp. After a hearty supper I curled up in my blankets and listened to the natives chatter and laugh beside the fire. Karioki, my new gunbearer, spun the longest and wildest

tales of daring escapades I'd ever heard. Just before falling asleep I remember hoping vaguely he was as stout a man in the clutches as he was beside the campfire.

I awakened just before dawn, and accompanied by the boastful gunbearer set off to visit the kill we'd staked out. We were within 100 yards of it when I spotted three animals moving in the gloom of a hillside to my left. At first I thought they were wart hogs, beyond doubt the ugliest (and least ferocious) denizens of the African wild. But when I spotted the black tufts on their tails I knew they were lions. They were too far away for a good shot in the uncertain light. From their leisurely manner I knew they hadn't noticed us. Motioning Karioki to stand still, I let them go over (Continued on page 62)





Well-groomed and sexy, you can't tell the play-for-pay girls from the guests. The result has been playgrounds of passion that really rock.

# HOTEL LOVE FOR RENT!

By PETE MENDEZ

IT USED TO BE THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER WHO INTERESTED TRAVELIN' MEN. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THESE SMART AND SEXY SIRENS SHOWED THEM HOTEL ROOMS CAN BE MORE FUN THAN A BUNK IN A BARN!

IN PRE-WORLD WAR II days, strangers seeking sin for sale invariably headed like homing pigeons for the nearest cab driver as the gent most likely to help them succeed. It was a formula that, like the yahoo himself, always paid off; for, no matter in what town the solicitation for sex assistance was made, the local cabbies seldom failed to make good.

During World War II, of course, there was little need for these aids since, as is usual under war's tensions, the moral standards were lowered by many citizens, whether in uniform or mufti.

But things have changed a lot since then, largely because of the Kefauver Crime Commission report linking crime and carnality, which unleashed a Niagara of morality, closing many red-light districts and blocking off sidewalk solicitation. Vice is back to abnormal—but well under cover.

Did the scarlet sisters and the hoodlums who rule them go out of business? No indeed. They drifted into another racket with a bigger take. Maybe, if another Kefauver investigation like it is instituted, they'll find out who masterminded the switch. But they won't have to worry about how one phase of it operates because we're telling that now.

Anyway, the last place an average guy would expect to find love on the loose, and waiting for a finger to be crooked, is in some of the famed hotels that charge \$20 a day and up. Yet, take it from PERIL, there are dollar-scented salons in New York, Chicago, Houston, Detroit, Boston, Savannah, Memphis, Dayton, Los Angeles, or other way spots where, if you know your way around, you can get not-so-good goodies for an evening of fun.

We know, because we took inventory in a score of cities. We learned about it from friends—salesmen, to be specific.





It's violating no confidence when we say that one of our informants was the regional salesman, down Georgia way, of a nationally-known shirt company. The shirt tale he told us was hard to believe until we decided to find out for ourselves.

The hotel we checked is located in one of those historic Georgia towns and is, outwardly, as stuffy as a Harvard man attending a Yale cocktail party. All we knew about it, besides its glorious past, was what we'd been told by our pal.

But just to prove we were on the right track, we decided to park our car and take a cab, with the baggage, and ask some questions. After all, you'll recall that cabbies are supposed to know who's who and where. Thus, pretending to be strangers in town, we were all set to be taken. In or out.

So, when we delicately broached the idea that we'd like a little spice in our overnight sojourn and asked if he knew a hotel that could provide it, the cabbie rose to the occasion. He named four hostelrys where, he said,

the house detective was always out for a cup of coffee—providing you gave him the wherewithal. But what amazed us was that he didn't mention the one place we planned to check into.

So we did. "How about the XY Hotel?" we asked. "We understand that's not bad."

Without looking back, the cab driver shook his head.

"Even if you didn't have those New York accents," he said, "I could tell you gentlemen are suckers. You won't get anything in that place but soundless sleep." He chuckled. "Unless you boys happen to be interested in ghosts?"

We said we weren't and allowed ourselves to be driven to a hotel he recommended. We slipped him an extra five and he went off happy. We followed, after retrieving our bags from a startled doorman, who thought we were crazy when we said the cab driver had brought us to the wrong hotel.

The next cab we hailed dropped us at the XY Hotel. It was called a memorial to the Southland; a mausoleum would have been more like it. Yet, it did have a dignified

**Under new system chance of badger game being pulled on suckers is nil. Hotel sin girls won't stand for it.**







**Tipped off on ring, cops in small Southern town nabbed hotel's public steno as a joy girl.**

grandeur about it, a never-say-die spirit which seemed to give the lie to any statement Sherman ever was within 100 miles of the place.

War prices were still in effect, though—the War Between the States, that is. It cost us \$20 a day without food, and when we jocularly asked the aged clerk behind the desk if he'd accept Confederate money, his pince-nez-protected eyes didn't blink.

"At would consider it an honor, suh," he said, "to accept Confederate money should you have some on your person." He was serious.

The Negro bellboy behind us enjoyed it, though. His muffled chuckle grew into a laugh when he opened our room on the third floor. "You gentlemen travelling men?" he asked. "We get lots of salesmen here."

We knew then our pal wasn't kidding. Salesmen, by the way, like truckdrivers, are wonderful for ferreting out bargains.

"No, we're not salesmen," we said. "We're just staying overnight. We're on our way to Florida."

The bellboy grinned. He was about 44. "Well, if there's anything you gentleman want," he said, "like liquor after hours or anything, just call and ask for me." We asked if his service included babes. Without a moment's hesitation he said yes, it did. It would take a while to arrange it, he said, but he was sure two girls could be provided. We could take them dancing, or maybe have a little midnight snack. Or, perhaps, we wanted company just for a drink or two.

There would, of course, be a slight fee. We discovered

*(Continued on page 60 )*



**Girls are stashed in recently vacated rooms, then called by bellboys when customer makes request. Bel, bashful belle hides from RAGE's candid cameraman.**







## Strange Saga of the

# SOUTH'S PHANTOM TREASURE

STRANGE SAGA OF THE SOUTH'S PHANTOM TREASURE

GOLD! BECAUSE OF IT A SEDUCTIVE YANKEE SPY

LAY DEAD, A VICTIM OF LOOSE LIPS AND LOOSER

MORALS. GOLD! BECAUSE OF IT A HEROIC REBEL

NAVAL OFFICER WROTE FLAMING HISTORY IN BLOOD!

By CLEVE YOUNG

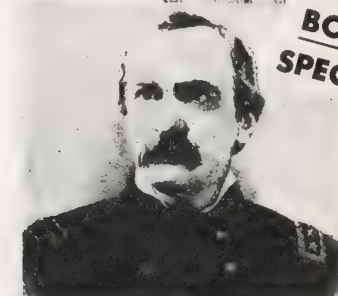
AS IF ON SIGNAL from inside the City of Richmond, General Grant's guns, set up outside on the hills, opened up, laying down barrage after barrage. Things were really boiling over, now that word had filtered through of the city's evacuation. Pistol in hand, Cadet Midshipman Ronald Coyne fought his way through the howling mob, intent on reaching the depot at 8th Street and joining his Battalion, as ordered.

The streets were alive with Government clerks; with panic-stricken Negroes and with women and children all intent on getting their possessions out before the Union Army came in and slew them one and all. The fact that General Grant had no such idea in mind, didn't matter. When fear takes over, reason flees.

And this was an unruly, stampeding mob. As Midshipmen Coyne battered his way through the crowds, he wondered what had happened to the police in the few hours he had been off the streets. There were no Provost Marshal's forces, either. As Coyne threw a swift glance around, he stiffened suddenly.

This couldn't be true, this thing that his eyes told him was true! Just ahead of him, drunken men in convict garb were tearing the clothes from a screaming young girl. No one dared interfere; for, unlike Coyne, they knew that every prisoner in the tough Penitentiary on Oregon Hill had burst out during the panic that swept over the jailors.

As Coyne looked on unbelievably, he saw two of the men remove the last vestiges of clothing from the unfortunate, screaming wench, then brutally try to push her down. Her young nubile body was assailed by three pairs of horny hands as the convicts attempted to have their way with their curvaceous captive. One man, bigger than the rest, picked the girl up and slung her over his shoulder.



Captain William H. Parker pulled off one of Civil War's most daring feats.

Coyne fought his way over, screaming, "Put her down you...!", but his words went unheard over the howls of the mob. Stepping close, Coyne slashed at the man's face with his gun butt. Blood spurted from the man's nose as he reeled back.

A fist struck the back of Coyne's neck. He staggered, but kept his feet. He fired. The attacker went down, shot through the heart. Seeing this, the two other convicts took to their heels, leaving behind them the nude, whimpering girl, crouched on the sidewalk.

Coyne hauled her to her feet with one hand; with the other he snatched her torn clothing from the street. "Here, Miss," he shouted. "Wrap yourself in 'these. And run!"

For a moment, the girl didn't comprehend Coyne's command. Then, as the realization dawned that she was rid of the beasts who had mauled her, she got to her feet. She flashed a grateful smile from her tear-stained face and got. She got fast, so fast that in the twinkling of an eye she was swallowed up in the pushing, howling mob.

Coyne expected no thanks. Grimly, he set himself to getting to his destination. Captain Parker, he knew, would have his hide if he didn't get back in time.

"Curse all women," he muttered to himself as he elbowed his way along. "And I mean all of them—including that blonde... May she rot in Hell."

Coyne's friends at the Confederate Naval Academy, and his shipmates on the "Patrick Henry" would have been surprised to know the dark thoughts that ran through his mind. They knew him as a good-natural, well-adjusted Cadet Midshipman, slow to anger. They would have been even more surprised to know that in an apartment in Richmond a beautiful blonde girl named Marsha lay dead: two of Coyne's bullets in her abdomen.

(Continued on page 42)





# BEAUTY IN ORBIT

Certainly We're Interested in Space Shots—and That's Why We're More Than Delighted to Give Space to These Stunning Shots of Donna!

"Miss Moon Goddess" is one of titles Donna Carter won in recent Space Illustrators Show in Los Angeles.

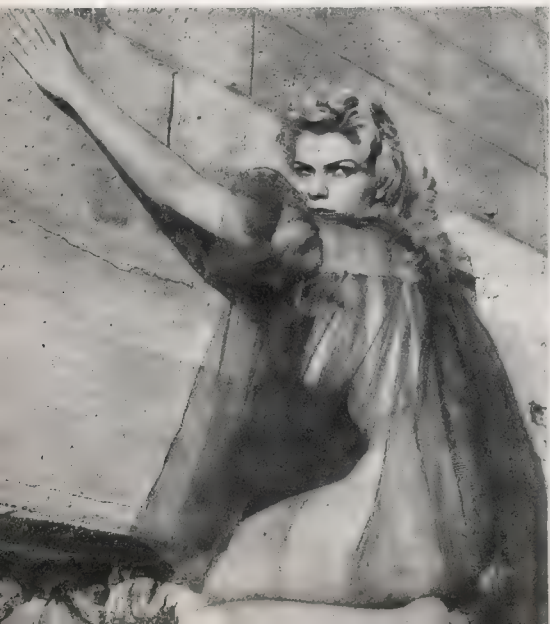


Whoever it is makes a cover girl is what curvaceous Donna's got. Blonde hair is one of 'em.





A former UCLA student, Donna's a real old-fashioned girl. She loves to bake.



Her 38-24-36 shape is the delight of Coast fotogs. Donna's hoping for a career on stage and in TV. Are you producers listening?



# THE BITCH

# WHO BATHED IN BLOOD

SPAWNED IN SIN, THIS  
SADISTIC SHE-DEVIL PER-  
FORMED UNSPEAKABLE  
ACTS OF DEPRAVITY ON  
MEN AND WOMEN  
ENSLAVED IN HER HOUSE  
OF HORROR, WHERE DEATH  
WAS THE ONLY ESCAPE!



Taken from charnel house, victims get decent burial from members of Graves Registration after Nazis quit.

By OTTO KUNZE

THE TITIAN-HAIRED beauty—provocatively attired only in a halter and shorts, a heavy riding crop under her arm—swaggered up to the ditch just outside the main compound where two men were digging, their heads just above grade level. Red triangles sewn to their striped uniforms indicated that they were political prisoners, sentenced for “crimes against the Reich”. One was an elderly Austrian priest.

“Look up!” she commanded.

They kept on working, their eyes studiously averted. Even a glance at the wife of the commandant of this concentration camp meant a severe beating—and frequently death.

With a cruel laugh she stooped, picked up a handful of stones, pelted the prisoners with them.

“Look up!” she ordered again.

The younger of the two shook his head. “It is forbidden,” he muttered.

She laughed again, shielded a small rock at his head. It struck him on the cheek, drawing blood. The old priest stopped work, raised his head and looked contemptuously at her.

“Jezebel!” he spat.

Purple with fury, she lashed him across the face with her riding crop. Then she began to rain blows indiscrim-

inately on both their heads, screeching: “Dogs! Filth! I’ll teach you to respect your betters!”

Her shouts brought the SS guards on the run.

“They looked at me lasciviously!” she ranted. “They made licentious remarks! I’ll teach them! I’ll teach them!”

Wielding heavy blackjacks, the guards fell on the two unfortunates and beat them to a bloody pulp. Then they went to work on the senseless bodies with hob-nailed boots. A sadistic smile on her face, the woman watched intently. By the time they were finished, the old priest was dead. His young companion was removed to the camp hospital, where he hovered between life and death for several weeks.

Nearly 10 years later he broke down and wept as he told his story before a crowded courtroom at Augsburg, Germany. In the prisoner’s dock cringed his tormentor—now a fat, frowzy, middle-aged female whose sole remaining claim to beauty was her mop of flaming auburn hair. One after another 240 other witnesses rose to accuse this “perverted, nymphomaniacal, hysterical, power-mad demon” of causing the death of at least 45 victims, of inciting the murder of at least 135 more, of ordering the excruciating torture of thousands of others in the infamous Nazi concentration camp where she had reigned as queen for six long years before and during World War II.

(Continued on page 46 )



# DEATH FOR A

(AS TOLD TO MARK LORENZ)

## *Human Devil!*

**HE WAS SWARTHY AND SINISTER AND HIS ATROCITIES STRUCK TERROR IN THE HEARTS OF ALL DECENT CITIZENS. ONLY THE REBELS KNEW HE HAD TO DIE SO THAT OTHERS COULD LIVE!**

THERE WASN'T a rebel hiding out in the green hills of the *Sierra Maestra* who didn't hate and fear Major Guajiro Secundino. He was the secret power behind the secret police that Colonel Fulgencio Batista employed to keep Cuba in a tight grip of terror.

Yes, they all hated him. But the only ones who had actually met him face-to-face were dead ones. No man, or woman, ever managed to survive an "interview" with the sadistic Secundino when called in for a few questions on political loyalty.

Like Che Guevara, who was holed up in the hills with the Castro Brothers, Secundino had been a bomb-tossing revolutionary in South America. Where Batista got hold of him, no one knows; not even guys close to the Colonel. But the so-called inner circle knew *why*, Batista used him; there wasn't an ounce of mercy in the man's body.

Secundino was small, swarthy, and wiry. He had eyes cold as a blue-steel barrel on a Colt. Naturally, I had never seen him in action, but I had seen him. And lived to tell the tale.

In my racket, a free-lance correspondent, you learn early (if you're smart) to keep your lip buttoned, and play the cards the way they're dealt. Accordingly, I had managed to do a couple of favors public-relations wise for Batista back in those hills out in Oriente Province. I had been

careful not to show any signs of taking sides although I'll admit my sympathies were with the rebels. Batista didn't know this. Nor did he know that I was fully cognizant of the butchering that went on behind the steel doors of a dungeon deep in the bowels of Morro Castle.

It was here that Secundino, who wore a mask, directed the torture of captured rebels or ordinary citizens suspected of being Castro sympathizers. I had seen Secundino only once and that was a lucky first time. He was just leaving Batista's office when I dropped in to ask the Strong Man something. I could feel Secundino's unmasked cold-steel eyes knifing into my brain as he passed me on the way out. I felt a chill go through me, and I wondered who he was. Luckily, I didn't ask Batista, who was engaged in making a note at the time. During the course of our talk I managed to get a peek at what he had scribbled, and when I saw the name I realized I had come face to face with the biggest, most vicious rat since the Inquisition.

Once I'd looked into those cold eyes, I knew the stories I'd heard of his viciousness was true. One of these stories had it that his favorite torture was to hang prisoners, male and female, by the wrists, stark naked, and literally whip them to death by flaying their skins off.

I could well believe it. But just how deep his cruelties



Top, raid on underground quarters netted rebel arms drop in heart of Havana. Rt., Batista looks over weapons haul.





# Nine Cubar Civilians Killed In Haitian Embassy Battle

HAVANA, Cuba, Oct. 29 (AP)—Nine civilians were killed today in a gunfight with Cuban police at the Haitian embassy in the fashionable Miramar section of Havana.

Police officials said that the refugees opened fire from the embassy windows when a patrol moved on the slain civilians. Three identified as Alfred Masique, Secundino Escobar and Guajiro Escobar.

"Her eyes blazing with hatred, Maria swung the machete and I knew then she wanted his head—for real!"





and depravities were I didn't realize until a month later when rumors flew around Havana that Castro was mounting an offensive. The first indication that something was in the air came with a stepping-up of arrests. On all sides I learned of people—fairly important people—who were routed out of their beds, or literally kidnapped off the streets and hustled to the dungeons to be “interviewed” by the secret police. The bigger ones, of course, were Secundino's pigeons.

This was the story I was working on when I talked to Batista. He, of course, professed to know nothing of any atrocities, and said that if anything like that was going on, it was going on out in the hills where Castro and his revolutionaries were terrorizing loyal Cubans.

In other words, I got a brush-off and I knew it. But Batista's private public relations men knew their jobs and before I left, the Strong Man himself had called in one of his opinion molders and said he was to give me any information available.

That's how I came to meet Maria Alvarez, who was on the public relations payroll. “During this state of emergency, and while you are conducting your investigation,” Maria's boss, Señor Morales told me, “Señorita Alvarez will help you all she can.”

I realized then that the stories I had heard about a coming offensive were true. Else why go to the trouble of assigning a public relations member to me? They wanted to make sure of everything I did.

I did a slow burn as I wised up to the trickery, and I could feel myself resenting the good-looking Señorita Alvarez. Under any other circumstances I would have flipped for her because Maria had it: dark-eyed, dark haired and with one of those figures that make your pulse hop: young, firm breasts, slender hips and tapering legs; in short, a body that just cried out for loving.

After the usual introductions we went back to her office when I played along with the gag and asked her some questions that would require research. “I did not realize, Señor Walker, that you are so close to our brave Presidente,” she said, as I got up to go. “It is not often that he

**in effort to learn whereabouts of Batista's strong arm chief, rebels tortured many innocent persons.**



takes such a personal interest in journalists.” She looked at me quizzically and added, “You are perhaps working on a very important story.”

Because I thought she was ribbing me, I snapped back at her. “Look, Señorita, let's get one thing straight, if I am working on a story I'm not going to get the facts here. I'd get them straighter from those rebels in the hills, if they weren't so afraid of Secundino and his secret police.”

The surprise that showed on her face tipped me to what an actress she was. “Secundino? I do not understand,” she said. “I know of no such man, working for the Colonel.”

They say that guys make the mistake of a lifetime just once and I guess I made mine, right then and there. “Come off, if honey,” I snapped. “Don't play coy with me. I saw him in your Big Boss' office just 20 minutes ago. Now if you'll excuse me I'll get back to making a living. I'll pick up that material tomorrow. Or you can send it over.”

Plenty burned over the runaround, I decided to have myself a few daquiris in Pepe's a little joint I'd been hanging out in around the waterfront, for a couple of years. One led to another and before I knew it, night had fallen, and so had I. For a curvy little Señorita named Dolores. She was reportedly Pepe's girl friend but since Pepe was out on a fishing trip (which meant he was engaged in a smuggling operation) and she got friendlier than ever before with me, it seemed like a good idea to invite her over to my shack. She readily agreed to meet me there inside of an hour.

I felt very good as I walked the streets back to my apartment. The day hadn't been a good one but it looked as though the night would be fine. Humming happily, I reached my place and put the key in the lock.

There was a sudden sound behind me of something swishing in the air and when I turned to look, everything went black.

How long I was out I didn't know. I came to in the darkened interior of a speeding car. My eyes were blind-

**Gun runners who played with both sides were given quick trial when caught, then were beaten to death.**





folded, my lips were taped and my wrists were bound. Outside of that and a splitting headache I didn't have a thing to worry about. Except my life. With a start I realized that my loose lips about Secundino had put me in this predicament. I had no doubt that I was being taken for a ride out in the country where I'd be bunned off in a spot no one could ever find me.

I groaned. A hard object pressed my ribs. "Silencio" a voice muttered, gutturally. It seemed stupid. I couldn't talk with a gag on my lips. I wished fervently I'd had it on before I shot my mouth off to Maria Alvarez who undoubtedly had tipped off Secundino. He in turn had ordered me taken for a ride. A one-way ride.

It must have been a half hour later when the car stopped, and I was pushed out, to fall on soft grass. "This is it," I said to myself, "so take it like a man, Walker. Get up on your feet."

But as I started to rise, I felt myself being pushed firmly down onto the grass. A slight scent of perfume hit me and I wondered what kind of hay they raised here. Then, before I had that solved, a soft voice said in my ear: "There is nothing for you to fear, Señor Walker, You must trust me and do as I ask."

I had heard that voice only once but I recognized it instantly. Maria Alvarez! But why? Who? Her voice came again. "You will hear shots in a moment," Maria said. "When you do, they will be fired over your head, but you must pretend to be dead. You understand?"

I didn't, but I nodded my head dumbly. Anything that offered a chance for life, I'd try. Explanations, if any, could come later. "Now," said Maria, "We will do it. Please to lie perfectly still for ten minutes. Count them slowly."

An instant later three bullets whistled over my head. They were followed by a car's motor starting. I lay still, baffled, listening to it roar into the night. Following instructions I began ticking off the minutes slowly, second after second.

The ten minutes were up. I did it again. Ten more. I had just decided to stop lying doggo when I heard the soft purr of a powerful motor as a car braked to a stop near me. Had Maria returned?

As if in answer, something cold was pressed against my throat. A knife. I didn't dare move as the intruder rolled me over on my back, then felt my heart. I heard a muffled curse, and then the whole countryside seemed to erupt beneath me. Somehow, I managed to scrape off my blindfold by rubbing my face to the earth. And what my unbelieving eyes saw was a sight I'll never forget.

Like vengeful furies a group of girls, brandishing machetes in their hands, were swarming all over the prostrate intruder who was wearing a mask. It was Secundino—or was left of him. His right hand was lopped off at the wrist. I saw the hand, still holding the gun. The hand was lying on the ground. So was Secundino now, and Maria, her eyes blazing hatred in the bright moonlight was astride him. She was wearing a Castro rebel girl costume and a peasant hat. In the struggle her clothes had been almost ripped off. But she wasn't noticing things

like that.

Before my horrified eyes, her machete flashed, and Secundino's head rolled from his body.

I hate to admit this, but I fainted.

When I came to, I was in the rebel camp in the hills. Maria, and Dolores from Pepe's, and a few other girls were in the cabin. There were also some officers, males, and they listened intently as Maria talked and handed me a brandy bottle.

"This is the story you must tell your readers," she said, and gave it to me. You know some of it: the rest was absurdly simple. Smart as he was, Secundino had fallen for one of the oldest gags in the world. As I suspected Maria had gone right to Batista and told him I had seen the secret police head. He, in turn, had informed his torturer, and being the lone wolf that he was, Secundino had decided to talk to me himself—just as Maria had suspected he would. Dolores was the one who had sapped me and then, with two sympathizers helping them, had gotten me into the car.

They figured Secundino would follow and so had staged my "phony death." He walked right into the trap.

"But why you?" I asked when Maria finished her story. "Any of Castro's men could have ambushed him."

"He killed my brother," said Maria simply. "Alvarez is not my real name. I swore that I would make him pay, someday, an eye for an eye." She looked at me. "I am sorry we had to use you as a decoy, Señor Walker," she said softly. "When we have driven the beast, Batista out of our country, I hope I can repay you."

She did, too. But that's getting ahead of my story. My personal one, not the one I'm relating. That, I figured, ended the day Castro marched triumphantly into Havana. Batista had fled and the secret police were as dead as Secundino. Like the other girls in the woman's brigade, Maria was a heroine to all the Cubans, but Castro, of course, was Mr. Hero, himself.

Until later—when his true status as a Red sympathizer, a fellow traveller came out. Right after that, Maria paid off the debt she claimed she owed me. Deserting Castro, she came to Miami where I was then living, and told me of her disillusionment with him. "It's looks like you'll be here a long time," I said. "He's going to stamp out every bit of opposition."

"I know," she said. "There is nothing to do, *amigo*, but wait, hope, and fight underground. But someday I will go back, for I am a believer in an eye for an eye."

"Or a head for a head" I said to myself, thinking of the night she'd wielded the machete on Secundino.

"Did you say something, Señor Walker?" she suddenly asked, and I wondered if I had spoken my thoughts aloud. To cover my confusion, I said:

"What I said was that for a soldier you are very pretty, Maria."

She smiled. "I was wondering when you would get around to noticing that, Henry," she said softly. "My bags are out in the car."

I got them. And, it goes without saying, I got the girl, too. ●



# RAGE'S RIB TICKLERS



**Seductive Simone Auger has a girl friend who is so seldom in her cups she's forgotten the size she takes.**

Troubled by insomnia, a corporation executive consulted his doctor who prescribed various sedatives, none of which seemed to do any good. Finally the exec asked the doc, "What about this twilight sleep I've heard so much about?"

"Twilight sleep's only for labor," the medico explained to him.

Well, dammit," roared the big businessman, "isn't there anything for management?"

★ ★ ★

A young fellow we know became hipped on muscle building and spent all his spare time working at it. At a beach party one night he wandered off by himself, strolled under the boardwalk and began doing push-ups. He was hard at it when a drunk came along, stopped to stare at him and then broke into gales of uncontrollable laughter. Annoyed, the budding Charles Atlas asked him what the devil was so funny. The

drunk controlled his giggling and said, "What's funny? I'll tell you what's funny. You don't even realize at shumbody shtole your girl!"

★ ★ ★

A city woman on vacation in the country hailed a young boy leading a large, erce looking bull down the road.

"here are you going with that bull?" she asked.

"To that farm over there," the boy pointed, "to service a cow."

Shocked, the city woman indignantly stammered, "Why couldn't your father do that?"

"I don't think Ma would stand for it—and the cow mightn't like it neither!"

★ ★ ★

Three urchins were playing kick-the-can in the street on the lower East Side of New York when a chauffeured Cadillac pulled up near them. From its interior emerged a



**"You say you have nightmares about strange animals always following you, Miss Revere?"**

**A voluptuous woman is one who has curves in places where some girl don't even have places, says Edie Orr.**







**Men who are getting along in years can console themselves with the thought that when they get too old to set bad examples, they can always start giving advice, say Jeannie and Beverly.**

beautiful and shapely blonde swathed in minks and dripping diamonds. Walking up to the youngest of the boys, she swept him up in her arms, covered him with kisses and set him down. Then she handed him a large box of expensive candy and left. The other kids clustered around the kid with the candy.

"Gee," exclaimed one, "who was dat? Yer fairy godmudder?"

"Nah," the kid replied. "Dat was me sister Moitle wot was ruined."

☆ ☆ ☆

When the new regime in a Central American banana republic instituted social reforms, they didn't reckon with the likes of Pablo. He was indigent and constitutionally unsuited for any form of labor, but he was also the begettingest peon in the fond. With his wife Maria he begat and begat and begat until their progeny numbered 14. And with the arrival of each child, under the new laws, Pablo got an additional hundred pesos a week. Finally a government inspector paid Pablo a visit and informed him that the government could only be pushed so far and that if Maria found herself with child again he, Pablo, would be taken out and shot. Sure enough, nine months later Pablo again became a father. The inspector came again, this time at the head of a firing squad. As Pablo was blindfolded, he was asked if he had any last words. "Si," he said, "has it not occurred to you that you may be shooting an innocent man?"

Two bulls, one young, the other old, stood atop a hill and looked down on a meadow filled with attractive young cows.

"Wow!" said the young bull. Look at that. Come on, let's race down there and service a few of them."

"I've got a better idea," said the old bull knowingly. "Let's walk down and service them all."

☆ ☆ ☆

Then there's the absent-minded nudist who had to give up pipe-smoking because he was constantly trying to scratch kitchen matches on the seat of his pants.

☆ ☆ ☆





# Sin in the Suburbs

By EDWIN BLAIR

Because they think they're "being civilized" young matrons of suburbia indulge in amorous antics that often would make a bull hang his head in scarlet shame.



**S**EX IN SUBURBIA has long been the subject for surveys and studies by universities, social researchers, psychiatrists, psychologists, marriage counselors and other Kinsey-type probers of American morals.

But it took a smart county Sheriff in an Eastern State, to expose the shocking story of suburban sin throughout these United States.

No Peeping Tom, the Sheriff had made his shocking discoveries during a routine investigation. Then he realized he had stumbled onto the biggest and

most sordid amateur sex ring ever to operate in this country.

One day last December, Sheriff "Jones" received a call from New York City police about the arrest of a suspected extortionist. In his pocket, the suspect had a red-hot letter from a housewife living in a suburban County.

This was no ordinary love note. It was an out-and-out proposition. The woman detailed what sexual gratification she wanted from the man, and what she was prepared to do in return.

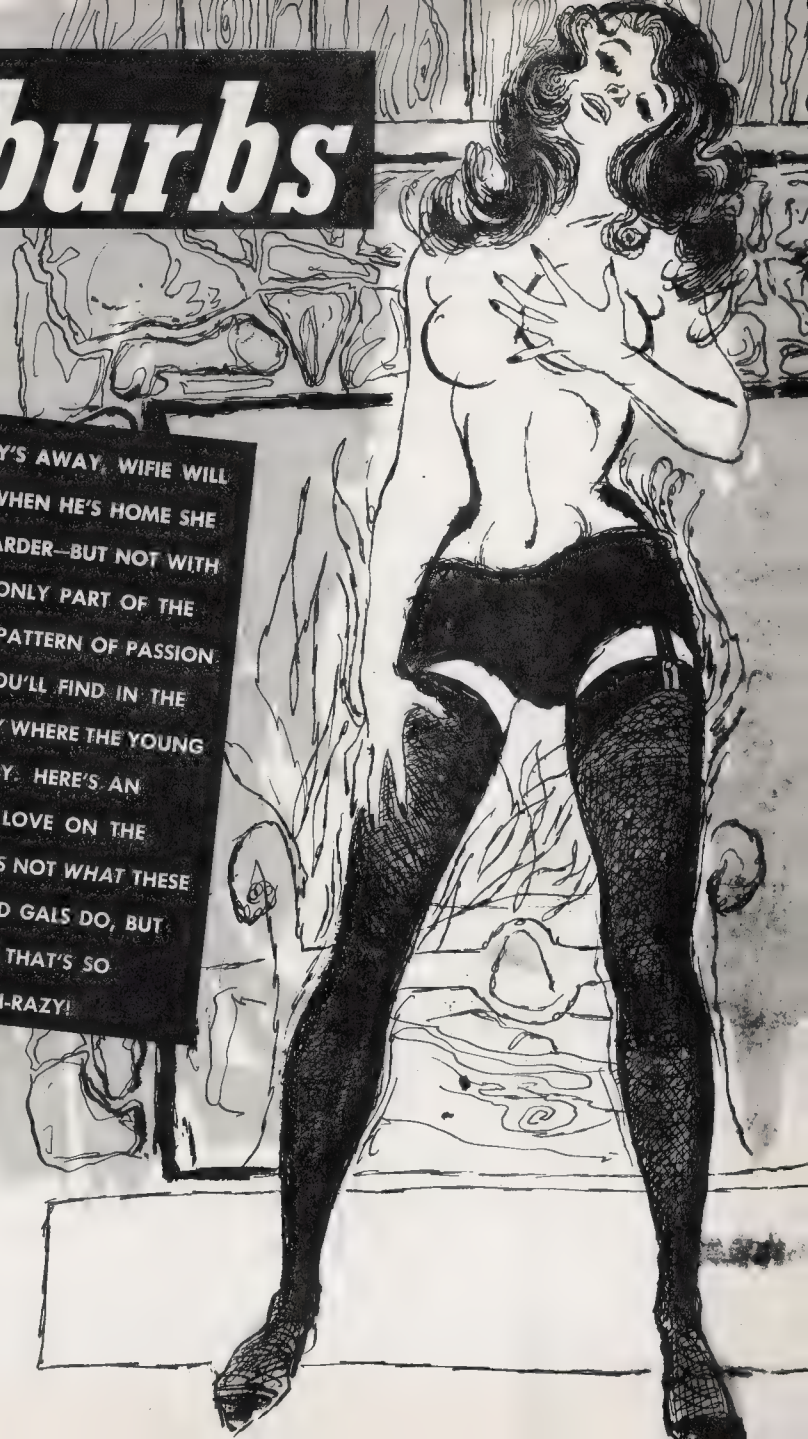
Furthermore, the writer said she and

this the local chapter of an international sex ring of organized degeneracy. It's the most abnormal sex ring in the country."

This "local chapter" had a membership of at least 50 middle-aged couples from suburban communities in the New York-New Jersey metropolitan area. A few single men and women also belonged.

"Wife-swapping was only part of the group activities," Sheriff "Jones" reported. "Perversion was by far the worst of it."

Dissatisfied with being housewives, they're ready for fun or frolic.







## Sin in the Suburbs

Bored to tears, they welcome any stranger, salesman or repair man. Right, a favorite rendezvous is drive-in movie.



Recent raid netted thrill seeking suburbanites at nude swim parties in secluded cove on executive's estate.

Arrested as leaders of the local County chapter were an accountant and his good-looking, respectable spouse, in whose apartment the photos and club records were found. They were charged with lewdness and possession of obscene material.

Sheriff "Jones" said they contacted other club members and recruited new

talent through the aids in the Canadian tabloid "Confidential Tattler" and several other publications, most of them published outside the United States. These publications now have been barred from New Jersey newsstands.

Describing the photos of club get-togethers as "the lowest form of pornography," the sheriff said they were

taken in the man's apartment and at the homes of other club members. Club "parties" were held on weekends, with a different member serving as host each week. When the members got tired of wife-swapping, husbands paired off with other husbands and wives with wives. Occasionally, prostitutes of both sexes were brought in as "guest stars"



to teach the old dogs new tricks.

One professional pimp earned thousands of dollars touring the sex club circuit with a small stable of lesbians and homosexuals. His acts were booked by suburban chapters all over America.

The members also had a "traveling circuit," moving from house to house and from suburb to suburb, Sheriff "Jones" said. In the winter, club members from northern states would visit chapters in Florida, for example. And in summer, southern members would come flocking north for fun and games.

Most members of the local County love lodge were in their 40s and 50s. But at least two teen-age boys were in-

involved. One, a 19-year-old soldier, held a "sensitive position" as an army specialist, the Sheriff said.

Because of the danger of blackmail or coercion by enemy agents, the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Army Counter-Intelligence Corps were advised of the soldier's activities. The FBI also began its own investigation to determine "if any of the obscene matter was sent in interstate transportation."

The cop investigating said he also was working with U.S. Post Office inspectors, "but there aren't enough postal inspectors to cope with this thing."

Though the local County chapter has been smashed, similar groups are still flourishing in suburban communities throughout the 50 states.

"They are the sexual equivalent of the Little League, the P.T.A., the Country Club and other well-known examples of community togetherness," says a famous psychiatrist who specializes in suburban problems leading to mental ills.

"The Organization runs Suburbia. The non-joiner is a social outcast. The Organization Man is the pillar of his suburban community. He organizes Little League teams, community theater groups, charity drives, club activities, (Continued on page 58)

**With more idle time on her hands than any woman had before, exurbanite babe whiles it away with wanton loving.**



POSED BY PROFESSIONAL MODELS



# THE TRUTH ABOUT HYPNOSIS AND SEX!



POSED BY PROFESSIONAL MODELS

By MISTY NEMO

**T**HE PATIENT FRANK W., 35 years old, was a top-notch commercial artist, engaged to be wed soon to a lovely photographer's model. Fear of the impending nuptial night landed him on an analyst's couch.

For Frank W. was impotent. Over the years he'd attempted sexual intercourse with several females. In each instance he'd failed miserably. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. Yet exhaustive medical tests failed to disclose any organic ailment or deficiency.

Completely relaxed on the couch, he stared fixedly at a bright light. "You are so sleepy, so very, very sleepy," the analyst murmured over and over again. Gradually the patient's eyelids drooped as the soft insinuating voice talked his brain into a sleeplike trance.

Under deep hypnosis, at the direction of the analyst he regressed to early childhood. In a childish voice he freely related early experiences and impressions, reliving his life year by year.

**Though a long and expensive process, psychotherapy has cure many inhibited persons. Treatment may take months.**

"Now you are five," the analyst suggested. "What happens when you are five?"

There was a moment's silence. Suddenly the patient screamed in terror: "No, mommy, don't do it! Don't do it! No, mommy, no..."

In a paroxysm of fear he cowered and burrowed into the couch, sobbing bitterly. Eventually the soothing voice of the analyst extracted the details of an experience so shocking that the patient had erased all conscious memory of it for 30 years.

When he was five his mother caught him playing with himself. She slapped his hands, picked up a knife and threatened to "cut it off" if he ever did it again. For years afterward he would awaken screaming from nightmares of being chased by females armed with sharp knives.

And that was why he was unable to function as a man. In the secret recesses of his mind he associated sex penetration with castration. Fear of castration rendered



# DEEP-ROOTED FEARS AND INHIBITIONS ABOUT SEX HAVE MADE MANY AMERICAN MALES INSECURE. NOW, SCIENCE OFFERS A NEW IDEA THAT MAY REVOLUTIONIZE THEIR PROBLEM OF INTIMATE RELATIONS!

him impotent. Once his secret obsession was brought into the open, and examined rationally, it disappeared.

Today Frank W. is happily married, his wife is expecting their second child.

Such cases are far more frequent than most laymen suspect. Few Americans—men and women, married and single alike—realize how badly inhibited they are in matters of sex.

According to psychologists, American males rarely achieve any real freedom in sexual relations, even with their own wives. Deep-rooted phobias and inhibitions about "right" and "wrong" sex practices subconsciously restrain and restrict their sexual output and performance.

A sizable majority believes that any sex techniques other than the approved, conventional one are "abnormal" or even "perverted". Many consider nudity during sexual intercourse, and making love in daylight or artificial light, "indecent". Some even regard sexual intercourse more than twice a week as "immoral".

Most American females are even more inhibited. An amazing number of them are uninterested in sex throughout marriage. They endure their husband's love-making, but seldom seek or enjoy it. They object strenuously to new techniques or improvisations attempted by their mates, accuse them of being "lewd, lascivious, lacking in consideration, sexual perverts," etc., etc.

So it is not surprising that sexual maladjustment is held responsible for about three quarters of all separations and divorces in this country.

In extreme cases sexual inhibitions cause frigidity in females and impotence in males. Doctors estimate that at least 40 percent of all men who come to them for advice do so because they suffer from impotence in some form or degree.

Some men are impotent with their own wives, but a ball of fire with other females. Often men who are raring stallions with their wives become geldings when they attempt extramarital sex. And many, like Frank W., are incapable of making love to any woman.

In most cases the cause is purely psychological.

"Impotence in a male under 55 years of age is almost always the product of psychologic conflict," Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey has observed. "Except in those exceedingly rare cases where there has been mechanical injury to the genitalia or portions of the central nervous system which control erection."

This same authority has even advanced the theory that "much of the impotence seen in old age is psychologic in origin." Pointing to statistics that only 27 percent of the male population is totally impotent at the age of 70, he asserts such men become sex casualties "because they expect it."

According to another well-known sexologist, Dr. Wilhelm Stekel, about 90 percent of all male impotence can be cured by psychotherapy. For it is almost always the result of "sex inhibitions, doubts, fears, nervous disorders, secret humiliations and suffering" inflicted in childhood. Uncover the pathological core of the impotence, and it will disappear.

Unfortunately psychotherapy is a long and expensive process. The average joe can seldom afford to spend the \$15 to \$25 per session, three sessions per week over a period of months and perhaps years, required to break through a psychological block to sex.

In recent years head-shrinkers have achieved amazing results using hypnoanalysis (analysis combined with hypnosis) as a short cut to restore virility and solve other problems due to deep-rooted sex inhibitions and phobias. Under hypnosis patients quickly reveal dark and secret subconscious fears that could not be dredged up in years of conventional brain-washing.

Here is another typical case history, taken from the records of a reputable hypnoanalyst.

*Thomas J., 30 years old:* Before marriage the patient, a school teacher, had led an active sex life with various women—including the attractive girl he later married. On their honeymoon he suddenly found himself impotent.

(Continued on page 52 )

**Many women "endure" love-making by mates, psychologists say.**





# ALL THIS--



If she weren't a top model, Harriet Aires could make money selling antiques; she's got a fabulous collection of old jewelry.



High school taught lovely Lynn Shaw and Terri Daine, below, how to make ceramic tiles. They make 'em for friends on Xmas.



# AND TALENT, TOO!



From acrobatic dancing to zither playing may seem a wide field to range in, but that's the kind of talents you'll find today among the glamor girls who grace your favorite magazine (which we hope is RAGE). These glamorous eye-fulls don't depend on fabulous faces or figures to make them wealthy. They've got a little something in reserve, such as being able to play par golf, beat a rhythmic bongo or even turn out a sizzler of a tune. Meet some beauties who have brains to spare, and talent to burn—versatilities!



An ardent physical culturist, Molly Kaye is qualified to teach it. Right, Jayne Mansfield's talents as a decorator are famed.





Gorgeous Julie Jordan backed up her modeling career early. She studied typewriting. She would be an asset to any executive, eh?



At designing clothes, Lynne Laurine knows her stuff, created that nightie. Dazzling Diane Ladd is an accomplished drum player.





## A PRIVATE PEEP AT SOME POSING PIPS

Give Jayne Bowman some colored pencils  
and she'll knock out a salable picture.



Gorgeous Gizann Elliot speaks five for-  
eigh tongues, could work as interpreter.

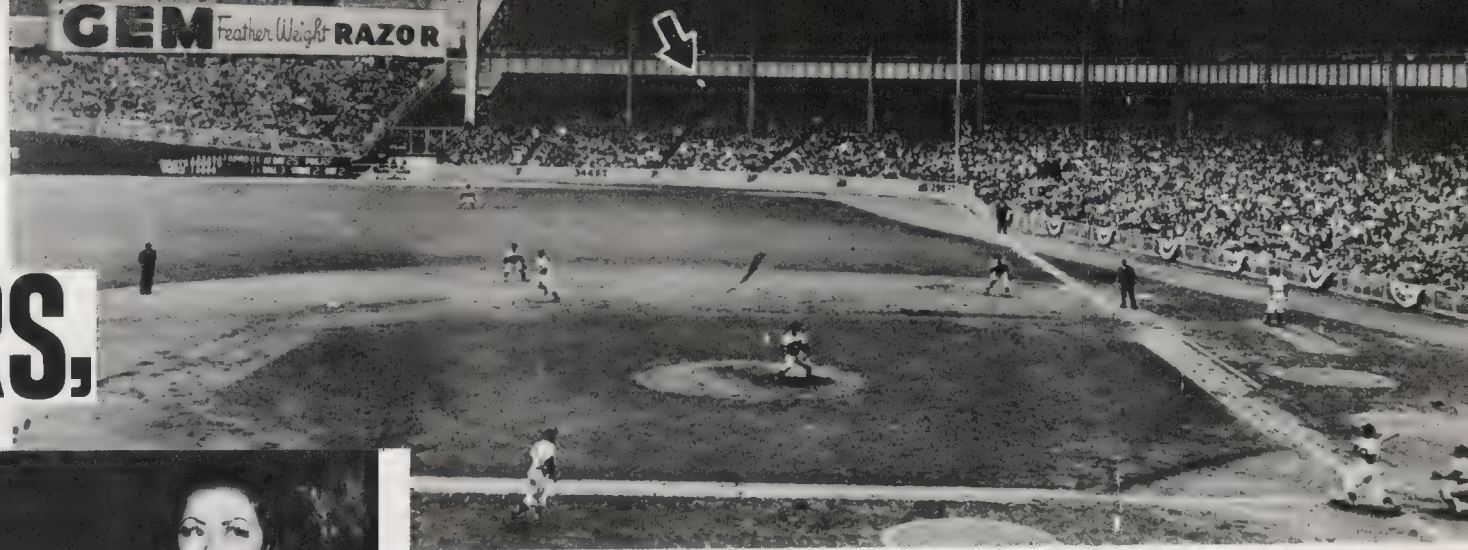
INSTEAD OF CHASING FLIES THESE CASANOVAS OF THE DIAMOND JUST DOTE ON DASHING AFTER DOLLS. WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY CATCH THEM IS JUST ONE OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE CLUB OWNERS CRY FOR PRIVATE EYES!

# BALLPLAYERS,

By HARRY LEVAN



Instead of relaxing after a tough game, ballplayers heed the call of the wiles—especially in hot spots around the circuit.



## BABES, and BOOZE

A GIRL sat impatiently in the lobby of New York's Hotel Manhattan waiting for her date. Suddenly, a husky young man hurried out of the elevator, and went out through the service exit. When she followed him out a few minutes later, he had a cab waiting.

"Hurry up, hurry up," he called to her.

The husky young man wore dark glasses, but he was no Hollywood product. He was a baseball player, an outfielder on the Chicago White Sox.

Next day, when the Sox started a series with the New York Yankees, the player was flagged into his manager's office.

"You're fined \$250," the manager barked.

"What for?" the player demanded.

In answer, the manager waved a sheaf of papers at him which bore the notation, "Report of the Security Detective Agency." Despite his precautions, the outfielder had been shadowed the previous evening on his date—which happened to be with one of Chicago's loveliest—and most expensive—call girls.

Baseball, America's national pastime, is also becoming its most puritanical sport. It is the only sport which so mistrusts its Frank Merriwells that private eyes follow them on the boudoir and bar patrol.

Sometimes, the eyes see no evil and smell no evil. Sometimes, they're led astray, as when star pitcher Warren Spahn of Milwaukee set a trail that wound up in the

steam-bath of the YMCA. But more often than not, they rake up dirt.

A reputable private detective agency recently submitted a hush-hush report to officials of both major league on the nature of big-leaguers' gadabouts. This writer saw a copy of the report which says, in sum:

(1) Big-league baseball players in disturbingly large numbers, are becoming big-dame hunters.

(2) Nothing can wreck a ball club more efficiently or demoralize it more thoroughly than a dame.

(3) The clubs that play the worst baseball have the worst skirt-chasers on their rosters.

How many big-leaguers play footsie with females during the course of the long sports season? Private eye outfits estimate that almost one-third of the boys are guilty, in varying degrees. This includes married libertines, who sometimes misbehave even more flagrantly than their single-o contemporaries.

The irresistible attraction of players for dames and dames for players is explained by Dr. Vincent Nardiello, famed sports physician and long-time house physician at Madison Square Garden.

"Ballplayers are like traveling salesmen or any similar group that travels a good deal of the time and gets the urge for excitement to relieve the boredom and strangeness of the road," he points out. "In addition, the temptations

(Continued on page 53)





# PASSION IN PARADISE

**A BUILT-IN GUIDE BOOK TO HAPPY LOVING IS ONE OF THE THINGS THAT DELIGHTS FOLLOWERS OF THE PROPHET. IT KEEPS THE LOVE LIGHT GLOWING AND MAKES EVERY LITTLE ROMANCE A PLEASURE!**



By HAROLD ARCHER

**H**IS BODY cleansed and shining by the prescribed ritual ablutions, the Mohammedan kneels on his prayer rug and briefly prays. Rising, clean now in soul as well as body, he turns to his woman. Eyes brilliant and body trembling with expectancy, she has been waiting eagerly to join him in the rites of love.

The woman is his wife—or one of them. As properly devout Mohammedans, they are about to engage in marital practices designed to raise them to the highest pitch of ecstasy.

*In many parts of the world, sex is often looked upon as a necessary evil. The Mohammedan's outlook is different, though. He accepts it wholeheartedly as part of the over-all plan of Allah. His only problem is to insure that it be enjoyed to its fullest potential.*

Bedouin girls, top, marry early often bear children at 15. Above, oil rich Sultan of Kuwait offered a fortune to actress Simone Silva for marriage. She nixed deal.





Some of Middle East's greatest Sheiks are followers of the prophet. Right, dance done by Nejla Ates is similar to one done by the harem girls to delight their masters.

To this end, the teachings of the Koran, the word of Allah to Mohammedans, have been interpreted by many Mohammedan scholars. One of the greatest of these was Oscar Haleby. He is considered an authority on sex and marriage by Mohammedans.

He advises the devout that, "coition is one of the means of the preservation of health." In the light of this belief, the most bizarre or outrageous practices are often justified by Mohammedans.

But, sex by divine prescription also has advantages. Kneeling in prayer, for instance, before indulging in marital relations reminds the Mohammedans of "the profound grandeur of the act." Instead of going about it in an offhand way, thus depriving himself as well as the woman of the fullest enjoyment, the "profound" ritual keeps them both keenly alive to every sensation.

In all other aspects of life Mohammedan women are kept in a thoroughly inferior position, but when it comes to sex they are treated in a way that women of other civilizations might envy. No sensible Mohammedan would dream of subjecting his wife to rough, awkward handling. No, indeed. He will wait—according to religious instruction—till his evening meal is completely digested; then he will draw her close, whisper sweet phrases in her ear, aware of how important it is to beguile her into the proper mood. For not only is he instructed to caress her, kissing her on the cheeks, the lips, the nape of the neck, and so on, but she, according to the commandments, will do as much for him, even preceeding him, "in these charming sports, which the Prophet has recommended."

*The Prophet doesn't stop there. He recommends further that when the woman "moist with desire, shows by her sighs and little cries" that she is ready to match his en-*





Under ancient laws girls who rebel against marriage to master of harem are often sent into prostitution. Below, modern Arab girl gives new twist to traditional belly dance—strip!



*thusiasm, they are ready for further ritual. They proceed to what is natural at this point, but while going ahead with what is described as a "forceful gentleness" they are both to speak the sacred exclamation, "In the name of Allah!"*

The ritual has only begun. For, in such high-flown ecstasy as they are experiencing, there is always the danger of the devil creeping in. To forestall him, at the supreme moment the man will pronounce the rest of the sacred incantation, *"The merciful and compassionate!"*

This puts the finishing touch on a perfect work, and if a child is conceived of this moment, he will never feel the touch of the demon.

The fear of evil magic has a great influence on the sex life of the Mohammedan. Evil spirits can harm the woman, resulting in nervous disorders or, worse, sterility. To offset this calamity, spells and incantations are one means prescribed. Mohammedan law also recommends that the man take it upon himself to alleviate his wife's sad condition. By performing the sexual act with certain precautions and rites he can overcome even stubborn cases of sterility.

A Mohammedan physician, in explaining this, said, "We regard the Western notion that sterility can be cured only by mechanical medicine as ignorant and superstitious. So-called sterility is too often simply the husband's ignorance of love-making."

To prove his point, he gave the example of one of his patients, a prosperous coffee-merchant. It wasn't the stuff he sold that kept this poor fellow awake nights; it was the fact that Zayala, his favorite wife was childless. She complained to him bitterly about the scorn his other wives heaped on her, as they sat about the garden keeping their various children sorted out.

*(Continued on page 50)*

# Around the World with Mr. John

Novel Postcards of His Trip Abroad  
Reveal Ingenuity of Noted Designer

**M**EET Mr. John, New York hat designer for Manhattan's most glamorous noggins. When he and very dear friend tripped away on a tour of Europe recently, they mailed back postcards of themselves from various European capitals. They had more fun than you could shake a chapeau at.



Mr. John puts that unmistakable feminine touch to one of his bonnets. Even his hand mirrors are personalized, with name of firm in script.



*Il Signor John P. John e il Signor Peter Brandon  
vi portano i più distinti e cordiali saluti da  
Roma e Venezia*

From Italy they flashed back smiles that Liberace might envy.



*Monsieur John P. John et Monsieur Peter Brandon  
Bon Soir et Bonjour de  
Paris et Cannes*



*Mr. John P. John and Mr. Peter Brandon  
send you "Cordacious Greetings" and Best Wishes from  
London and Edinburgh*



*Herr John P. John und Herr Peter Brandon  
senden herzliche Grüsse von  
Salzburg und Vienna*

"Yoo-hoo! Wish you were here. Having a simply gorgeous time!" Mr. John and his handsome companion Mr. Brandon sent these postcards of themselves from France, England, Austria. They took trunks and trunks of clothes.



# Phantom Treasure Train

(Continued from page 15)

"Marsha!" Coyne bit his lips as the memory of her returned. Well, she was where she belonged now. Nevertheless, he couldn't help thinking of that soft warm body, the lush thighs and the high breasts.

The body was cold now; cold as the love Coyne had thought he bore for her. He had met Marsha only a few days earlier, at a dance given by the Southerns. They had clicked almost on sight; but now Coyne knew why. Marsha was a Union spy, seeking information on the whereabouts of the Confederate gold, which was hidden in Richmond.

Coyne hadn't learned this until half hour ago. Bitterly, he remembered how

his heart had leaped that morning when he had gotten a message from Marsha asking him to meet her. "I'll be unchaperoned," she wrote, on the scented paper that stirred Coyne's senses, "but in wartime, we cannot observe all the proprieties, can we?"

"Certainly not," thought Coyne as he tucked the note into his tunic. Luckily, Captain Parker had given the Middies a few hours off to wind up affairs in Richmond. The assignment they were to carry out was top secret, Parker said, and dangerous. "So relax, gentleman," he added, "and see that you're all at the depot by 1800 hours tonight."

Despite the seriousness of the situation—with the fall of Richmond seemingly a matter of time—Coyne had happily gone to his date.

When Marsha, wearing a sheer organdy dress that outlined the curves of her body and the fullness of her breasts, opened the door, Coyne saw the promise in her eyes. Within an hour, lying there with this goddess whose body gleamed in the dim sunlight filtering through the curtained windows, he was ready to marry her. He was hopelessly in love, captive of a charming Southern belle who was the most contradictory woman

he had ever met. He would never have believed that beneath her cool exterior lurked such flaming, wild passion.

Coyne stole a quick glance at Marsha. Ah, she was beautiful! Her eyes were momentarily closed and her skin seemed to gleam in the fingers of sunlight that filtered through and played on her voluptuous body. "She's young, but she's all woman!" Coyne thought to himself as he watched Marsha's breasts rise and fall evenly with her breathing. Never before had he seen such mounds of sheer delight and breath-taking symmetry.

Opening her eyes, Marsha smiled lazily at him. Then, in an instant she was in his arms again, her lips automatically flying to his and they kissed violently. When she withdrew she smiled, almost shyly. "Let's just talk a few moments, Ronnie," she said. "I know I'll miss you when you go away."

For a few minutes, wrapped in the lulling mantle of lust, satisfied, the import of her words didn't reach Coyne's consciousness. When they did he felt a strange chill go through him. *How had she known he was going to leave Richmond!*

Young though he was, Coyne was no fool. Into his mind flashed Captain Parker's warnings of the past week. "Jeff Davis is convinced Richmond is filled with Yankee spies and sympathisers, gentleman," Parker said. "Let not one of you show the least suggestion of loose talk."

But Marsha, a spy? It was incredible. Yet as Coyne, alert now, parried her questions, he couldn't help feeling suspicious. It was when Marsha, putting the question idly, asked about "our Confederate gold" that Coyne decided to tell her a lie. "It is actually aboard the "Patrick Henry" he said, "but I'd be shot if anyone knew I ever told you."

"Little old me?" Marsha pulled Coyne toward her and kissed him. "I hope you don't think I'm a spy, Ronnie," she said, releasing him. "I assure you..."

"Of course you're not, honey," Coyne said. "You're nothing but a bundle of peaches and cream and I could eat you up." He put a tentative hand on her as if to draw her to him again.

"No, darling, not now," Marsha said. "It's getting late and my Negro mammy will be coming back with my Aunt Drucilla to help me pack any moment. You must go."

So Coyne dressed and left. But he left only the apartment. He stayed outside in the hall for only a few moments, his face white, his nerves taut. *Now*, he knew, he could find out once and for all whether his suspicions were silly. He hoped so. But if Marsha should come out that door.

Coyne pressed himself against the wall. The minutes passed in slow tor-

**At one point in flight, Confederate midshipmen narrowly missed an ambush that was set up in woods by Union cavalry hot after the enemy's treasure.**



ture. There were only about five of them, but to Coyne they seemed five years as he suffered the agony of his love being tested by fire.

And then he tensed as the door suddenly opened. Marsha had lied! She hadn't been expecting her Aunt or anyone else. She had a light silk cloak over her and seemed agitated as she stepped out.

Coyne darted in front of her. Marsha's face went white.

"Why Ronnie," she faltered, "I... I..."

Coyne pushed her back into the room, and Marsha fell against the bed. As she did so, the cloak opened. Coyne choked back a gasp, as he saw Marsha's nude body. *She had been in such a hurry to get out, she hadn't stopped to dress!*

Anger blazed in Coyne's eyes. "You dirty Yankee spy!" The words spewed from his lips. Marsha recoiled. In her eyes was the proof of her guilt; and her hand snaked beneath the pillow. Before she could get the gun out, Coyne's Colt barked twice.

Soundlessly, Marsha fell to the floor, just as bedlam broke out on the streets. Without looking around at the dead girl, Coyne went out; there to discover that the news of the evacuation of Richmond had touched off a panic.

One man, however, was not in a panic. He was one of the few in the city who wasn't. He was Coyne's commander, Captain William H. Parker, Commandant of the Confederate Naval Academy which had been functioning for two years aboard the "Patrick Henry" moored off Richmond.

This is the story, not of Cadet Midshipman Ronald Coyne, but of Captain Parker and his Middies who performed one of the most courageous acts of the War Between the States; namely, getting the Confederate gold out of Richmond.

The lengths to which Yankee sympathizers and Union spies would go to get the gold has been illustrated by what happened to Cadet Midshipman Ronald Coyne. The rest of this story rightly concerns Captain Parker and his Middies, in charge of a treasure train that was assigned to take Jeff Davis and his Cabinet, and the money to Danville, Virginia. The treasure wasn't huge, but it was all that remained of the wealth of the Confederacy. And of it, \$200,000 in gold and silver really belonged to the Richmond banks.

When Captain Parker reached the railroad rendezvous at 1800 hours, his aide, Lieutenant Rochelle and the Middies were nowhere in sight. Parker tore unrestrainedly as he saw the unruly crowds converging on the Depot. This was no ordinary mob. Members of Congress, various officials and dignitaries, all dignity gone, were fighting

tooth and nail for places on the trains. The restraint previous inspired by martial law had disappeared.

Confusion reached crescendo as highly-placed Southerners fought to get on the over-crowded train with the President and the Cabinet. Parker's narrowed eyes were rivetted on the civilian Treasury guards, mounting watch over the treasure. "If that mob breaks loose and goes for that money, they'll get it," Parker grated. No sooner had the thought been uttered than the mob began to turn its attention to looting the gold and silver.

It was at this climactic point that the Midshipmen, 60 strong, led by Lieutenant Rochelle, pushed their way through the crowds. Parker took command instantly. "Fix bayonets," he barked. "Clear the area around the train."

Bayonets flashed in the setting sun, as the Midshipmen including a strangely grim, and silent Ronnie Coyne, swiftly executed the order. Young though they were, they had received their professional education under actual battle conditions. Many times during classes at the Confederate Naval Academy, instruction had been interrupted while midshipmen rushed to man the guns on Drewry's Bluff and this class, during the last year of the war, had done more fighting than studying.

The crowd, sensing that the midshipmen would stand no nonsense, retreated sullenly, but it was eight p.m. before the Presidential train, loaded beyond all belief, left for Danville. Human beings were packed inside like sardines. They hung from the top of the train, huddled on the cowcatcher, used every bit of available standing space and some as Captain Rochelle said, to his superior, "are hanging on by their eyelids."

Supposed to follow the Presidential train at once, the treasure train was delayed. It was midnight before it pulled out with its precious cargo guarded by grim-faced, youthful Middies, ready to shoot if any one of the packed hundreds in the train made an overt move.

Three hours after midnight, Union Troops, under General Ord, entered Richmond, but by then, Captain Parker and his cargo were some 30 miles distant, a train crawling along at an agonizing 10 miles per hour.

At last, on the afternoon of April 3, the train wheezed into Danville where Jeff Davis had set up his temporary capitol. The townspeople, excited over the prospect of being a close part of the War Between the States, had gone all out for the President and his Cabinet. Now they did the same for Parker and the midshipmen. When the latter bivouaced near the train, crowds of curious formed. The midshipmen were invited to a dinner in Davis' honor at which

the head of the Confederacy painted a rosy picture of what the future held. Even Parker seemed swayed by Jeff Davis' oratory and, for a moment, was sorry that his adventure had drawn to a close. He would have liked being around the leader a while longer, but in a way, he was glad to be rid of the treasure.

But the burden of leadership was not to be lifted from his shoulders. Unknown to Davis, word had reached the Cabinet's ears that in Virginia the situation was all out of control. The decision was made, therefore, to send Parker and his cadets to Charlotte, North Carolina, where the gold and silver would be deposited in the mint.

Fortunately, the treasure had not been completely unpacked. Some of the money had been withdrawn for use of the Government-in-flight, but the major portion remained. Parker had no idea of the amount he was still guarding. Ironically, he had not once seen the coin, but only the boxes and sacks which, as things turned out, he was to have under his reluctant protection for a wearying 30 days.

All he knew was that the teller and the assistant clerks had charge of it. His orders were to guard it, eventually save it. But he had no way of knowing, then, that such a chore would be his.

Three days after arriving in Danville, Parker and his Middies were on the train again. Acting under Cabinet orders, Parker stopped the following day at Greenville, North Carolina. There, some \$75,000 was withdrawn from the protected hoard. Cabinet members had requested that \$35,000 in gold be placed in a Greenville bank for official use. The other \$40,000 was earmarked for payment to the men of General Joseph Johnston's Army of the Tennessee. It was to be turned into silver, a conversion the soldiers seemed to want.

This order executed, Parker poured his men on the train again and, the following day reached their destination, Charlotte. To Parker it signalled the end of the mission and, with the treasure safe in the mint he headed through the sunny streets toward Headquarters. He intended to telegraph the Navy Secretary and the Treasury chief that his mission had been completed.

The message was never transmitted. To his utter consternation Parker learned that the wires had been cut by General Stoneman who, with a force of 6,000 Union troops, most of them cavalry, had staged a spectacular surprise raid on Salisbury, just 50 miles south of Greensboro, not long after the treasure train had passed through.

Parker needed no information from Intelligence to know that Stoneman, by now, would have learned of the treasure  
(Continued on next page)



# Phantom Treasure Train

(Continued from page 43)

and be making plans for its capture. Communication between Charlotte and the Cabinet at Danville, he ascertained, had been cut.

Parker's duty was clear. As Senior Naval Officer Present he alone was charged with deciding the steps necessary preserve the treasure. The only avenue of escape was south and this, Parker, after a conference with Treasury officers, decided to take. There was also news that the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton had wired all Federal commanders in the south "to take measures to intercept the rebel chiefs and their plunder." Erroneously, Stanton had been informed that the booty was estimated at between \$6 million and \$15 million dollars. Stanton had no intention of letting it, or Parker, slip through his fingers.

No sooner had Parker decided to go South than an unlooked for complication cropped up. He was informed that Mrs. Jefferson Davis and her children were staying with friends in Charlotte. Fearful of their safety, Parker decided to ask them to accompany the train, under the protection of his midshipmen.

His next problem was food. Informed that there were large supplies of sugar, coffee and bacon in a Naval warehouse, Parker threw protocol aside and commandeered supplies. At gunpoint, workers carried the supplies out of the warehouse and into the train, a proceeding watched by 150 marines and bluejackets temporarily billeted at the base after the Norfolk Navy Yard was abandoned. If Parker feared resistance, he met none. Instead, he was pleasantly surprised when, just before the train was to pull out, the marines and bluejackets offered to join the party. Parker gratefully accepted this unlooked for strengthening of his forces and, on April 11th, with Mrs. Davis and her children on board, left by train for Chester, South Carolina. Rumors abounded that Lee had surrendered on April 9, but Parker refused to believe them. He was determined to make contact with Jeff Davis somewhere along the route and turn the treasure over to him. He did not know that at the time he was leaving Charlotte with his hardy band, the President and his Cabinet were just entering Greensboro.

At Chester the next day, new obstacles faced Parker. There were no trains out, a situation Parker solved by making up a wagon train. With Treasury officials overseeing the job, the money was broken out and repacked in kegs and small boxes. Calling his 150 men together, Parker declared a state of martial law existed. He procured a special wagon for Mrs. Davis and the children and the party finally got off, slogging along muddy roads toward Newberry, South Carolina.

It was a march of terror. Every precaution was taken against a surprise attack by Stoneman's cavalry. Parker left nothing to chance. He left rear guards at every bridge the mud-caked entourage crossed, with orders to burn them if necessary to check a pursuit. One night, when Mrs. Davis' wagon bogged down, the President's wife, bearing her youngest child in her arms, walked five miles in mud that came up to her knees. Another night, the party camped near a church, where Parker, as head of the group, slept in the pulpit. During the long, arduous march, Parker allowed no one to pass them on the road. Yet he was constantly surprised to learn that the coming of the treasure was known at every village the party passed through. "If these civilians can know this," Parker grumbled to his aide, "The enemy certainly can. Redouble the guards at every possible opportunity. Put only the most trusted men on sentry duty."

As the miles passed wearily underfoot, Parker sent a courier ahead to Newberry, requesting the Quartermaster there to have a train waiting to take him and the gold to Abbeville, some 45 miles further South.

The train was waiting; the treasure was transferred without incident and, a day later, Parker breathed a sigh of relief when they pulled into Abbeville where Mrs. Davis and her family were taken to the home of the Honorable Mr. Burt, a former member of the United States Congress.

It seemed foolhardy to try to get through by train. Parker decided to form another wagon cavalcade and precious time was consumed as the money was again transferred for a cross-country march to Augusta via Washington, Georgia. All along the route, bad news cropped up. Stepping up its pace, the company did 40 miles in two days, their movements accelerated by the jettisoning of all but essential materiel. Books, records, and even Confederate money were thrown on the road as bad news continued to pour in. At last, the party reached Washington where the money was transferred to a house and a strong guard stationed over it.

Telegraph lines were down in Washington. There was no way Parker could

receive further orders and so, on the 18th, he and his tired cavalcade set out for Augusta where the Captain hoped to confer with senior naval officers.

He found them all right; but he also found no protection. On the forced march to Augusta, Parker heard again that Lee had surrendered and when he got into the Georgia city it was only too apparent that the Confederacy was whipped. Reporting to the ranking Army and Navy officers, he asked to be relieved of the treasure. No one would accept responsibility. Further complicating matters was the receipt of an order from Secretary of the Navy Mallory to disband the Corps of Midshipmen. This Parker refused to do. His officers and men lined up solidly behind him when he made the decision to proceed further. Parker never told them that he had been approached by certain persons to dole the money out, as the war was over. His men, like himself, were determined to put the cash squarely in the hands of Jeff Davis. In so deciding, the Corps of Midshipmen deliberately risked jailing at the hands of the victorious Union troops, if caught. They had refused to observe the Armistice, which allowed them to lay down their arms and return home without fear of punishment.

On the 20th of April, the day the Armistice expired, Parker decided to retrace the steps of his gallant band and go to Abbeville, where he heard Davis was heading. Parker surmised, correctly, that Davis, in his retreat, would cross the Savannah River at one of two points: between Abbeville and Washington, or lower down. He elected Abbeville and, carrying the treasure across the river in wagons, reached the beleaguered city on April 29th. The treasure was stored in a warehouse on the public square and the faithful midshipmen set up a strong guard. And for good reason.

The town teemed with desperate soldiers, paroled members of Lee's Army on their way home. Learning of the arrival of the gold, they tried to get at it. They hadn't, after all, been paid after the surrender at Appomattox; they felt that Confederate gold rightly belong to them. Groups were formed. They attempted to break into the warehouse but were beaten back by the midshipmen, who carried, although illegally, the only arms in town. As a result of these sneak attacks, the harassed midshipmen were required to maintain a heavy guard day and night. For two days, Parker slept little if at all.

Catching 40 winks on the morning of the 30th, he raced out of his tent when hoarse cries, "The Yankees are coming" reached his ears. Hastily, the midshipmen packed the gold, intending to load it on a train and flee to Newberry. Fortunately, the approaching horsemen turned out to be Davis' advance guard.

Two hours later the President and his Cabinet, wan and spent, arrived in Abbeville. Ill. Secretary Trenholm of the Treasury had not made the trip. Instead, he had assigned Micajah Clark to accompany Davis and serve as Acting Secretary of the Treasury.

It was Clark to whom Captain Parker, acting on orders from an irate Navy Secretary, turned over the zealously guarded treasure. Mallory was still fuming over what he termed Captain Parker's "deliberate refusal to disband the Corps of Cadets in the face of orders."

Parker, every inch a military man, took the blasts unflinchingly. There was no emotion on his face as, in accordance with the Secretary's oral directive, he gave his midshipmen the order to disband after the valiant 60 delivered their valuable burden into the care of General Basil Duke, commanding the President's bodyguard of 3,000 horsemen.

Inwardly, Parker seethed over the Secretary's tirade. It was only too apparent that Duke's men were war-weary, anxious to get home. Many had not been paid in months. Half of them were without weapons. They had sold them on the flight to Abbeville. Beaten and tired, they lolled about the station, watching the midshipmen, who had maintained their morale and high sense of duty throughout the ordeal, prepare to board the train that would carry them as far as Charlotte. For 30 days these striplings had been on the road without food or proper clothing. Their shoes were falling off and, indeed, some were barefoot. But there was no disputing their morale.

Watching the men take off, Parker's throat constricted. He felt a hand on his arm, turned to find Jeff Davis alongside him. "I am very sorry Mr. Mallory gave the order to disband," the sightless, defeated man said. "Very sorry." He smiled. "I thank you, Captain, for what you have done. You get some rest and General Duke will carry on."

Parker thanked his Commander-in-Chief and, after shaking the hand Davis proffered went on. "Will he?" he thought, thinking of Davis' reference to General Duke. "Will he really carry on? The General may not realize it, but I think his troubles are just beginning."

Parker proved oracular. During the afternoon, while Parker sent Paymaster Willis to Washington, Georgia to get enough money to see himself and his officers home, General Duke's troubles began. The soldiers made demands for a share of the gold in lieu of the pay they hadn't received.

Duke promised they'd receive their pay if they would guard the treasure until it crossed the Savannah River into Georgia. Otherwise, he threatened, there would be reprisals from the Union side. His bluff worked and the soldiers packed

the treasure into wagons, to be removed that night from Abbeville.

Parker never saw it again; for, a day after Duke's men left, his own Paymaster returned with \$1500 in silver as transportation money. It was divided pro rata, about 20 days pay for each officer and non-com, who had accompanied him on the perilous 30 day journey from Richmond. Parker, himself, returned to his home in Norfolk, Virginia where he later became a master for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. None of his midshipmen, he liked to recall later, had ever surrendered or were ever paroled. From that gallant, undaunted band there emerged, years later, men who attained positions of prominence and served their state and country with distinction.

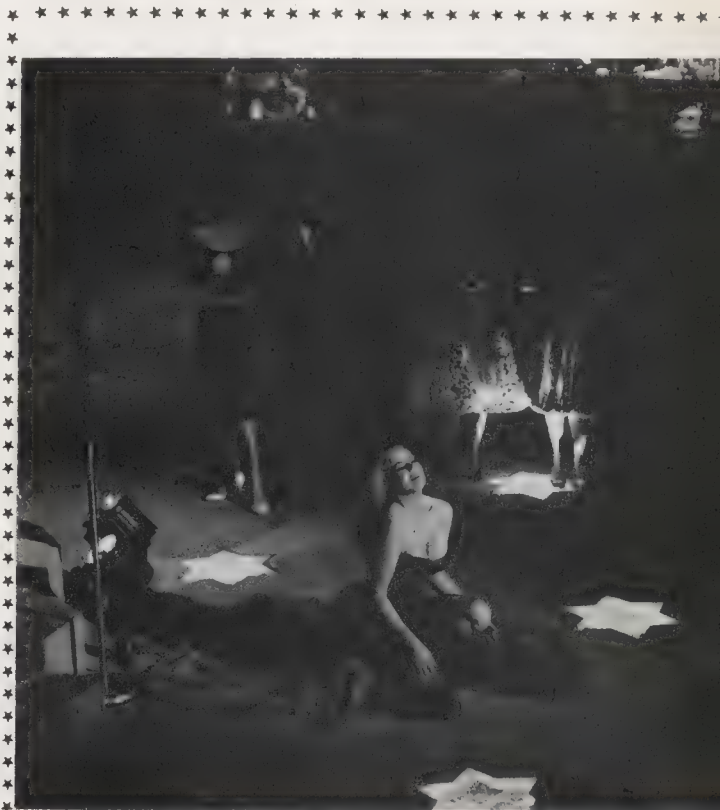
And what of the treasure? Was it seized? Lost? Stolen?

Its final disposition was made under an elm tree about a mile from Wash-

ington, Georgia. Under the direction of Micajah Clark, the \$327,000 in gold and silver that the sacks and boxes disgorged was used to pay off General Johnston's Army, the President's bodyguard, the midshipmen, debts for provisions, and miscellaneous payments to individuals. The money Parker had been directed to set aside for the use of the Cabinet was later captured and the private funds of the banks of Richmond, totalling \$200,000 were deposited in a bank vault in Washington, Georgia.

Jeff Davis was not present at the division of the money. With an aide he had left for Irvinville, Georgia to join Mrs. Davis. In Irvinville, the pair prepared for flight only to be captured by a Federal cavalry detachment.

They were penniless when apprehended. No one, it appears, had thought to ask the fleeing President of the Confederacy, if he needed any money! ●



★ **IN SIZZLING** "La Dolce Vita", Italian import that makes big thing of Roman immorality, Anita Ekberg gives her finest performance. ★ Directed by Fellini, the film has been under fire as lewd production.



# The Bitch Who Bathed in Blood

(Continued from page 19)

"The most damning witnesses to this psychopathic monster's horrible crimes cannot testify here because they have long since gone up the chimney of the camp crematory in smoke!" State Prosecutor Hans Ilkow told the court.

To the once-beautiful Ilse Koch, widow of the commandant of the Nazi murder factory at Buchenwald, there was nothing new in the ghastly recital of her vicious crimes against humanity. They'd been aired shortly after the end of the war, when she was tried before an American military tribunal for acts against Allied nationals interned in her camp. At that time she was condemned

to life imprisonment, only to be set free after serving a mere four years of her sentence.

Now she was on trial before her own people for crimes committed against her own countrymen. As surviving witnesses piled a mountain of corpses around her neck, and the fetid stench of death permeated the crowded courtroom, she knew that this time she would not get off so lightly. In a desperate attempt to stave off retribution she leaped to her feet and interrupted the testimony with wild cries of "Lies! Lies! All lies!"

Judge George Maginot, presiding over the court of three jurists and six laymen, sternly ordered her to sit down and be quiet. "It is impossible to believe," he solemnly declared, "that such depravity and cruelty can be merely the figment of imagination."

She slumped back in her chair, her eyes fearfully roaming a courtroom that fairly seethed with hatred and loathing. And when crowds outside the building took up the chant "Death to the Bitch of Buchenwald! Kill her!" she broke down and wept so hysterically that the hearing had to be adjourned over the weekend.

In the solitude of her cell at the Aichbach women's prison she agitatedly paced back and forth for hours, finally gave vent to a fit of vindictive rage and terror. She ranted and raved, cursed Hitler, the Nazis, her husband, the day she was born. Screaming unprintable obscenities, she smashed furnishings, banged her head against the walls, shrieked over and over again:

"I am guilty! I am a sinner!"

In a state of acute shock and fright, displaying all the symptoms of a woman bereft of her sense, she was removed to Augsburg hospital in a straightjacket.

Ilse Koch was spawned in sin. She was born in the slums of Dresden in 1906, daughter of an anonymous father and a mother who eked out a precarious living cleaning office buildings and factories at night. Her childhood included a series of transient, heavy-handed step-fathers one of whom (she couldn't even recall his name) eventually seduced her.

At the age of 15 she had the prettiness of a Dresden china doll: emerald green eyes, a fair complexion, a wealth of copper-red hair and a buxom, curvaceous figure that made her appear 18 or 19. Discontented with her drab home life and the grinding poverty which had surrounded her since infancy, hungry for excitement, pretty clothes and the "better things of life", she soon began cashing in on the only marketable commodity she possessed: sex.

After a brief career as a "cabaret girl" in Dresden she drifted to Berlin and then to Munich, where she became the assistant (and mistress) of the elderly proprietor of a prosperous bookshop. His chief stock in trade was a huge collection of pornographic books for sale at high prices to a select clientele. Under the guise of helping her cultivate a taste in good literature, he fed her a steady diet of erotica which provided the basis for many of the weird, perverse sex practices she later inflicted upon her victims in the concentration camp.

Munich was the headquarters of the Nazi party, and among the most enthusiastic patrons of the bookshop were members of the Nazi hierarchy. In 1930 Ilse deserted her elderly lover to devote herself exclusively to the stalwart, swashbuckling SA stormtroopers and SS men. A notorious nymphomaniac, she loved them all. And she was the life of the party at the wild orgies that accompanied Hitler's rise to power.

In 1935, at a party function in Berlin, she met SS Capt. Karl Koch. He was a typical SS man, a rather dull brute, a notorious bully and brawler who had been in the party since its earliest days and had risen to the position of adjutant to the Gestapo-chief Heinrich



The sadistic Ilse Koch was so man crazy she ordered death for any pretty captive brought to infamous concentration camp. They were usually gassed.

Himmler. He was also a notorious drunkard and lecher; records reveal that he was undergoing treatment for syphilis all through the 1930s.

Koch was immediately smitten with the auburn-haired beauty, and a few weeks later she went to live with him as his mistress. It was scarcely a love match. According to her own admission, his principal attraction was his ability to provide her with an easy and steady entree to high SS circles. She was constantly unfaithful to him; and he didn't mind sharing his woman with his comrades, so long as they shared their women with him.

The impending birth of a child in 1937 led to a more formal relationship. Although there is good reason to believe that he was not the father of the infant (nor of the other two she bore in rapid succession) he gallantly agreed to solemnize their union with an SS marriage. They were wed in the light of flaming torches, in a ceremony characterized by evil, synthetic pagan rites and an almost obscene appeal to blood and soil.

That same year Koch was promoted to SS Colonel and assigned to command of the Buchenwald concentration camp.

Buchenwald had been established only two years before on a small, thickly wooded hill (the Ettersberg) about 8 miles north of the medieval city of Weimar. Surrounded by miles of electrically-charged barbed-wire fence, it originally held 3,000 criminals and political prisoners charged with "crimes against the Reich"; during the war its population increased to over 30,000. It was considered a "model" camp, not primarily an extermination factory like Auschwitz and Lublin, but a place to exploit the forced labor of prisoners.

Under the new commandant and his wife, it became the most infamous hell-hole in Europe. Petty potentates with virtually unlimited power of life and death over their imprisoned subjects, they instituted a reign of terror and bestiality that was unrivaled, even in Nazi Germany. The day he took command Koch announced:

"In my camp there will be no sick or unruly prisoners. There will be only the healthy and obedient—and the dead!"

Thereafter a heavy pall of death hung over the countryside as the six coke ovens in the camp crematory consumed an average of 150 "sick" and "unruly" prisoners each week.

As her legal counsel later pointed out, Ilse Koch cannot be held responsible for the evil system of concentration camps under the Nazi regime, nor for the criminal excesses committed at Buchenwald by Karl Koch and his successors. These would have occurred even if she had never existed.

Nevertheless it is also true that the power and influence she wielded at Buchenwald became an outlet for all the evil and depravity in her character. It was conclusively proven that she was directly responsible for the murder of at least 45 prisoners, for merciless beatings that maimed and crippled at least 135 more, for excruciating tortures inflicted upon countless thousands of others. And there can be no doubt that her activities at this camp determined her fate.

That part of the story of Buchenwald forms an essential chapter in the case history of Ilse Koch.

\* \* \*

Ilse was 31 when she became queen of Buchenwald. In Nazi Germany men were masters, women their servants and playthings. Here the picture was reversed: thousands of men were her slaves, could be forced to gratify every natural or unnatural whim and caprice. Discarding all inhibitions, she became even more brutal than her husband, even more devilish in concocting methods of using her slaves for diversion and pleasure. According to one ex-inmate: "She was an accomplished sadist, a prehistoric savage whose abandoned wantonness and care-free fiendishness astounded even her Nazi masters. No cruelty was foreign to her, no single cell in her brain did not at some time contribute to the planning of new refinements of anguish and death for her victims. She viewed the subject from every angle, delighting in variety."

An insatiable exhibitionist, she would take nude sun baths in the garden behind her house within sight of the sex-starved prisoners, stroll through the camp provocatively dressed only in a halter and shorts or knee-length riding skirt. They were forbidden to look; those who dared raise their eyes wound up in the crematory. It was a fascinating game of cat-and-mouse—for the cat.

On one occasion she called the guards and accused three inmates of "lascivious looks" while she sunned herself. She watched impassively as two were beaten to death, the third held face downward in a puddle of water until he suffocated.

Dr. Eugen Kogen, editor of the *Frankfurter Hefte* and a prisoner at Buchenwald for 7 years, testified:

"I remember the day when she ordered 3,000 men to strip naked and stand still for three hours while she watched us. Those who dared look up were arrested and disposed of. She was our master, she was the voice of death..."

She loved to beat men and to watch them beaten. Her favorite method of torture was "tree hanging". The hands of prisoners were tied behind their backs, they were hoisted by their arms

(Continued on next page)

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# The Bitch Who Bathed in Blood

(Continued from page 47)

to hooks imbedded in trees six feet from the ground. While Ilse looked on, SS men took up thick cudgels and beat the unfortunates on the feet, face and genitals. Willy Appel, an ex-inmate who witnessed one of these terrible episodes, told the court:

"They screamed, begged for a quick death. Those who didn't die from the beating went insane. And all the time she laughed, and encouraged the guards to hit harder."

One of her refinements was the camp zoo. It included an aviary where birds of prey—falcons, eagles and hawks—were trained to sharpen their claws on the bodies of the prisoners who tended them. She enjoyed watching the blood drip from the lacerated bodies of the human scratching posts.

Another was the use of prisoners as human targets. The condemned would be marched to the pistol range outside the gate and secured to a post. Ilse, a crack shot, liked to take her time, to draw out her pleasure—and their agony. One shot would nick an ear, another barely graze the skull, a third piece a leg. Then the *coup de grace*: a bullet in the heart, or through an eye.

Once she picked up a pistol and gleefully joined in the massacre of 24 prisoners just outside the camp gates. The dead were officially recorded as "shot while trying to escape"—although all had bullet holes in the front of their bodies.

For variety, there was the pack of half-starved giant mastiffs she maintained in a kennel behind her house. She had condemned prisoners thrust into the fenced runway, turned the dogs loose and avidly watched while the ravenous beast tore the unfortunate victims to bits before her eyes.

Visitors to the camp invariably were taken on a tour of the private "museum" in the Koch home. It included a vast collection of lamp shades, bookbindings and gloves made of tattooed human skin. The prize exhibit was a beautifully designed lampshade of fair, white skin stripped from the body of a female prisoner. It was tattooed with obscene designs—a whimsical birthday present to Ilse from her beloved husband. There was also a ghastly array of mummified human heads shrunken to one-fourth

normal size. They were the heads of executed inmates.

According to the official indictment: "The accused wrote down the numbers of two prisoners who were working without shirts and were conspicuously tattooed. Both were ordered to the hospital two days later. There they were killed by injections, their skins were tanned and delivered to her". During her trial half a dozen pieces of tanned human skin from her collection were displayed in court. One about 16 by 24 inches in size, was adorned with bats and dragons in flashy colors.

One of the witnesses, Joseph Ackerman, had worked in the dissection room at Buchenwald for 7 years. He estimated that he had helped strip "hundreds" of tattoo marks from the bodies of prisoners murdered at the orders of Frau Koch. On several occasions, he said, an exhibition of these skins was held in camp. There were so many of them that they covered a row of tables 200 feet long.

While the lecherous commandant wallowed in the camp brothel—and in an adjunct whose inmates were recruited among homosexual prisoners—Ilse turned Buchenwald into a vast stud farm to gratify her lust. Eventually she managed to sleep with almost every SS guard and official in the place. She converted her home into a house of assignation. A former trusty and servant in the Koch household testified:

"While SS *Sturmabfuhrer* Koch was away on trips, Frau Koch entertained two lovers. At night it was Camp Leader Florstedt, during the day it was Dr. Waldemar Hoven." (The latter, chief medical sadist in the camp, was sentenced to death at the Nuremberg trials for his experiments on prisoners.)

He said that Ilse imported a young relative to help her entertain her lovers. And he described wild orgies in that house in which SS men and SS women participated en masse in the vilest sort of indiscriminate sex play.

Even the numerous SS guards and officials were not enough to satisfy this nymphomaniac. She would ride her prize stallion down to the camp to view incoming prisoners, looking for prospective lovers. Those who struck her fancy were assigned to her house as "servants". Their services consisted mainly of sex. When she became bored with them, she sent them to the extermination bunkers so they wouldn't talk.

One who lived to tell the story was Kurt Tietz. He was young, blond and handsome when Frau Koch picked him out of the lineup and gave him a job as "handyman". Forced to satisfy her every caprice, he detailed unprintable "sex humiliations and perversions" she forced him to endure. "After a while

she grew tired of me, sent me to the hospital where Dr. Hoven gave me an injection," he said. The injection failed to kill him, but it left him completely blind, paralyzed and almost dead. Spirited out of the camp by the underground, he was still blind and paralyzed when he took the stand to testify against her.

According to his account red-haired Ilse was given to every perversion known to man—and to not a few hitherto unknown to most of the hushed courtroom, including the judges.

\* \* \*

Ilse displayed no emotion whatever when the court announced its verdict: "Guilty as charged." And she stolidly received a sentence of life imprisonment.

Less than a year later the American Military Government in Germany announced that her sentence had been reduced to four years. "She was not a member of the Nazi party... her vileness was sexual, not political... there is no convincing evidence that she selected inmates for extermination in order to secure tattooed skin..." the announcement declared.

There was an immediate uproar in Germany, as well as in most of the Allied countries. From all sides the U.S. Army was boiled in angry oil. One prominent German suggested to correspondents: "Perhaps she'll go to the States as a G.I. war bride!"

In October 1949 Ilse Koch left Landsberg Prison. Fat, fortyish and seamy-faced, but pertly dressed in a smart green suit and loud beret, she gaily posed for the news cameras. In fairly fluent English she refused to discuss the bastard child she had given birth to in prison, told newsmen she was writing her memoirs and would have "quite a bit to say about Americans and Germans."

She remained a free woman only a few minutes, German police officials stepped in, put her under arrest and shipped her off to Auchbach Prison, 25 miles away, to await a new trial before a German court.

It took the Bavarian Ministry of Justice a year to round up the evidence and witnesses necessary to build a hole-proof case against her. When the trial opened, and key witnesses missing at the previous trial turned up to accuse her, Ilse realized that her luck finally had run out. The time of reckoning was at hand. There was only one possible escape: insanity.

It was then that she staged the violent outburst that sent her to Augsburg Hospital.

\* \* \*

To her room in the hospital prison ward came two eminent psychiatrists. (Continued on next page)

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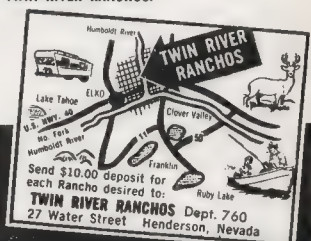
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# The Bitch Who Bathed in Blood

(Continued from page 49)

Dr. Rudolf Englert and Dr. Albert Sighart. They had been appointed by the court to determine her sanity. At the beginning of the interview, Ilse put on an act. She talked incoherently, became violent, threw a fake epileptic fit. When she saw that they weren't impressed, she quieted down and asked for a cigarette. "I know I must pay for my sins, and for the death of other people," she said. "Promise me you won't send me to an insane asylum."

The following day, supported by two policemen, she was brought back to the courtroom, heard the psychiatrists testify that in their opinion she was completely sane. She listened apathetically to the remainder of the testimony. Suddenly she slumped back in her chair again. Judge Maginot ordered her removed. She got as far as the door, turned and told the court:

"I was only dreaming." She walked back to the prisoner's dock and took her seat, unassisted.

The time for dreaming was over, the day of retribution was at hand. The court unanimously found her guilty of murder. Since the death penalty had been abolished in Western Germany, they decreed that the "Bitch of Buchenwald" be penned up for the remainder of her life.

She is still serving that sentence. ●

# Passion in Paradise

(Continued from page 40)

The merchant was convinced there was a cure on him for loving one wife so far above the others. The doctor—and let it be pointed out that the Arabs were noted for their medical skill when the West was still in the Dark Ages—was a wise and practical man. He had seen other cases where a man was so benumbed by love that he forgot, in one

woman's presence, all the finesse he had with others.

He gave the merchant a prescription: it involved oils and ointments to be applied to the wife's body by the sleepless spouse, in certain carefully prescribed methods. They were slow and time-consuming, but worth it. In due time, Zayala's robust baby boy played in the garden with the other children.

The secret? Naturally, it had nothing to do with the oils and ointments. It was the slow, careful manner in which they were applied.

Of course, there are always cases of genuine sterility, but to the Mohammedan nothing is hopeless. If, despite the best, most ardent and practiced lovemaking, the wife cannot conceive, she is then directed to select a proxy mother.



**From childhood on they are taught the husband is absolute master.**

From among her husband's household women she is to pick the prettiest to share her husband's bed for several nights. When the girl becomes a mother, the wife takes the child and cares for it as if it were her own. "By this conduct worthy of a true woman of Islam, she will keep the affections of her husband." So it is written.

Not all a Mohammedan's problems are solved so patly, though. Following the example of Mohammed the Prophet, a Mohammedan is allowed four wives—if he can afford them—to say nothing of as many extra-legal consorts as he can manage. But, having once initiated each wife in turn to the subtleties of Arabian nights, he forever after has the obligation to keep her out of the way of temptation.

The practical Mohammedan understands that a woman who has experienced the joys of sex, will find wifehood unrewarding unless there is something besides lust to look forward to after dinner. He is strictly enjoined by the commandments of the Prophet to

divide his time equally among his wives; rotating his nights fairly among them.

The only exception is a new wife, who has the privilege of three consecutive nights. If she is a virgin, the lucky girl is granted seven nights in a row with her spouse. After that, she takes her chances with the rest.

The gyrations of Samia Gamal and other noted belly dancers of our day have their origin in the efforts made by the ladies of the harem to circumvent the strict rotation order laid down by the Prophet.

The lords of the harem probably didn't mind the results very much. Dancing by the ladies of the household was always a popular pastime in the Middle East. Those wives who felt themselves neglected by the community husband carried the after-dinner dancing a step further. Instead of merely entertaining with poetic and beautiful steps, they tried to ignite his desire. It was inevitable that she who danced the most enticingly became the lucky partner for the night. It worked very well, too. Rules are rules, and fair is fair, but a temptingly curved body flung about in suggestive abandon is an unanswerable argument.

It's apparent that frigidity is one problem that never pokes its head into the Mohammedan world, and a great part of the credit is undoubtedly due to the sex rules laid down by the Koran. Cleanliness in all things is required, particularly in relation to sexual activities. Just as he washes carefully, in a prescribed manner, before eating and before praying, he washes thoroughly before going in to a woman, and after leaving her. His before-and-after ablutions are as much a part of his love-life as the act itself.

Circumcision is also believed important in keeping sexual ability a high standard. The Prophet Mohammed, without making any religious obligation of it, recommended the beneficial hygienic and social effects so highly that most, if not all, of his followers are circumcised. It is significant that this rite takes place at about the age of thirteen, when, according to their reckoning, a Mohammedan boy becomes a man.

Though circumcision to the Moslem is neither a baptism nor an act of faith, the day it takes place is an unforgettable occasion. It signifies a boy's coming-of-age, the day when he enters the world of men. The day of his birth was a proud one for his father, this is even prouder.

A Western traveler who attended one of these ceremonies brings back this report: "I happened to be passing through a village where a sheik's son was to be circumcised. Since everyone was invited to come, I went along. The

(Continued on next page)

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# Passion in Paradise

(Continued from page 50)

boy, about thirteen years of age, was the center of a group of men. Other boys, from about eight to fourteen years old, were also waiting for something.

"While refreshments were being passed before us, the time came for the boy's operation. He went off into another room. I was amazed to see all the other youngsters following him. The sheik, a well-educated man who spoke some

English, smiled at my surprise.

"He explained that he was simply following the custom. It seems when a well-to-do boy is circumcised, his father may invite any other boys in the village whose families might not be able to afford the practitioner's fee, to join the festivities, and be circumcised as his guests!

"I thought this was exceedingly generous, and said so.

"The sheik thought my ignorance was pitiable. 'We Moslems are bound to regard all other Moslems as our brothers' he said. 'What is important to one man, is important to all, and must be shared. Would you want to see your brother go through life only half a man, unable to know and exercise the full glory of sexual delights?'"

In the name of Allah, Merciful and Compassionate! Would you?

# Hypnosis and Sex

(Continued from page 31)

For more than a year since he and his wife tried every conceivable technique, but were unable to achieve sexual intercourse.

Curiously enough one day he ran into a former girl friend, went to her apartment, was as virile as ever with her. Yet he was deeply in love with his wife. When she left him and filed for divorce, he consulted a psychiatrist.

Eight weeks of analysis convinced the analyst that his patient's psychological block to marital sex would not yield to ordinary treatment. He decided to try hypnosis. In a deep trance, Thomas J. freely recalled significant incidents buried deep in his subconscious.

Even when the irrational basis of his neurosis was exposed, it took some time for the patient to adjust to the idea that marital sex was not incestuous. On advice of his analyst, he frankly discussed his problem with his wife, and she agreed to help him.

A few weeks after they began living together again, Thomas J. was able to report complete marital adjustment.

Psychiatric studies show that even the most complex types of sexual maladjustment—even homosexuality—can be cured by hypnoanalysis.

"The most satisfactory results in the treatment of sexual perversion are achieved through hypnotic suggestion," declares Dr. Forel of Zurich, Switzerland. And the most famous of all authorities on sex abnormalities, Kraft-Ebbing, asserts: "Hypnotism not only offers the best but probably the only means of curing many types of sex psychopaths, especially homosexuals."

The treatment in such cases consists primarily in planting new attitudes deep into the subconscious of the patient by means of hypnotic suggestion. The following case history is typical.

**Charles R., 42 years old:** An interior decorator, he was jailed several times for soliciting men in public lavatories. Arrested finally on charges of molesting a minor in a city park, he was let off with a suspended sentence on his promise to seek psychiatric aid.

In preliminary interviews with the analyst the patient related a long history of active homosexuality, beginning at the age of 16 when he was inducted into perverse practices at boarding school. These practices continued during his years at college.

His sole experience with the opposite sex came at the age of 22, when he visited a prostitute. Without bothering to turn out the light, she undressed before him. He was "disgusted" by the sight of her flabby breasts and "obscene" sex organs, became violently sick at his stomach and fled the room. Since then he shunned intimate contact with females, devoted himself exclusively to men.

When the psychiatrist explained the treatment he proposed, Charles was skeptical that it would actually make a man of him. However he agreed.

While he was in a trance, the hyp-

notist suggested to him that homosexuality is abnormal, antisocial and abhorrent; that an attraction to the opposite sex is normal, socially constructive and desirable. The female body is beautiful, sexual relations with a female highly gratifying. Upon awakening the patient would be repelled by intimate contact with men, attracted only to women.

According to the psychiatrist's report this theme, impressed upon the patient's subconscious five times a week over a period of one month, brought about a complete personality change. Charles R. began to date women, discovered satisfaction in normal sexual intercourse. Within a year he married, was well on the way to raising a family.

These are extreme cases. Yet at least 80 percent of the problems that lead to the analyst's couch are based on sexual inhibitions of one kind or another.

The American Medical Association recently endorsed hypnosis. It is now used by more than 900 doctors and leading

hospitals all over the country as an aid to painless childbirth, major surgery, physical and mental therapy. Psychiatrists claim hypnoanalysis not only offers a quicker means of uncovering mental blocks, but effects a surer and more permanent cure.

It is not claimed of course that it is a sure-fire cure for all victims of sexual difficulties. Successful treatment demands:

1—That the patient be susceptible to hypnosis. (At least one in 10 cannot be hypnotized.)

2—That the patient be willing and anxious to solve his problems. (Uncooperative subjects cannot be hypnotized.)

3—That the hypnotist be a fully qualified analyst. (Amateurs and quacks can turn a minor neurosis into a full-fledged psychosis that will land the patient in a looneybin—or jail.)

If you fulfill the above requirements, hypnosis can cure you of your sex inhibitions. •

## Players, Babes & Booze

(Continued from page 37)

thrown at ballplayers are ten times as formidable as the temptations offered up to traveling salesmen.

"Baseball was once exclusively a male's sport," Nardiello continues, "but now 'Baseball Annies' follow the team like they do the rock-and-roll singers. Ballplayers trying to leave the field are now met by these screeching, clothes-grabbing formations of ardent females, who will also write them mash letters by the ton and bombard them with wires. Sometimes, you have to be made of granite to be able to resist them. And there are no granite ballplayers, only human beings."

Why are these passion flowers bad for players? Noted psychiatrist Dr. Louis Berg has the answer to that one.

"An athlete who is highly competitive has got to put out 100 cents to the dollar to win," says Dr. Berg. "You can't have your cake and eat it too; energy spent amorously steals energy needed for sports..."

It has been said that too much energy

burned in the wrong places cost the Milwaukee Braves a pennant in 1956. Oddly enough, the Braves were reportedly led down the garden path by a second-string player whose presence on the roster made little difference to the fortunes of the team.

This player had apparently been carousing from mid-season on, but Milwaukee's team didn't suffer till the last few weeks of the season. At that time, one of the girls on the second string player's date-parade introduced two gorgeous girl friends to some braver Braves.

After the introduction, two hot-shot first stringers began to burn the candle at both ends. Milwaukee's championship hopes finally flickered out with a series of season-end defeats.

Girls almost threw the Braves for a follow-up loss in 1958. A group of publicity-hungry Hollywood starlets invited the Milwaukee team to a swim party while they were in town for the All-Star game. Among those who went were such experienced pros as Red Schoendienst, Lew Burdette, Gene Conley, and Frank Torres.

The starlets, clad in almost invisible bikinis, fell all over their guests and insisted on being photographed with them. A couple of jealous suitors, resentful over this attention to the visiting firemen, made nasty remarks. Result: First fights, a dunking in the pool for one starlet and her suitor, and a mad flight away from it all by the harried ballplayers.

(Continued on next page)

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# Players, Babes & Booze

(Continued from page 53)

Headlines and innuendos continued to pursue the Braves for weeks, so that their play suffered, and they infected the rest of the club with the jitters. It took weeks before they were able to get back on the track, and the team was able to slough off its losing streak.

On guard against such dangers to their multi-million dollar investments, the owners of the big league clubs have set up "security patrols" to keep tabs

on their more susceptible ballplayers.

Girl-loving ball players and male-mad "Annies" have both been known to a grab-bag of schemes in order to outwit the security patrols.

A hireling of the Cincinnati Reds, for example, who was of Italian descent, arranged to have his girl friends in various cities on the National League circuit pass themselves off as his "cousins." The girl friends always came calling for him with a kid sister in tow, to provide the proper family picture.

The Redleg ballplayer would leave with them, supposedly for a big spaghetti dinner with his large Neapolitan clan. A couple of blocks away from the hotel, the kid sister—actually a girl picked off the streets for a fee—would take off, leaving the romantic couple as free as birds.

The Cincinnati Whiz-Kid would probably still be working this dodge if his wife hadn't called him in Chicago late one night. Informed he was "visiting

his cousins," she blew the whistle. She knew that her man had not a single relation in Chicago, Neapolitan or otherwise.

Another skirt-chaser who figured out what he thought was a fool-proof scheme was a star pitcher for the Los Angeles Dodgers. This fireballer was constantly frustrated by private eyes when he wanted to go out carousing. So he decided to fool them by having his fun on the premises. He began to cultivate chambermaids. He picked the prettiest ones who worked in the various hotels on the Dodger itinerary, and arranged to have them drop into his room after their working hours.

This convenient setup might have been maintained indefinitely if his play—on the baseball field—hadn't fallen down so badly that the Dodger brass ordered him sent down to a farm club.

The number of ballplayers who deliberately go out on the hunt is small, however, as compared to those who are enticed by the baseball Lorelies.

"Some of these girls will do anything," a detective who kept his gimlet-eye on the Yankees for three years told this magazine. "Mickey Mantle went to his room after one game and found a 21-year-old girl lying under his bed. He got her out all right, but a few weeks later, he opened his closet and two 16-year-old girls fell on top of him.

"Another teen-age girl pulled up in her car in front of the player's entrance at Yankee Stadium and when Yogi Berra came out, she rushed him, grabbed him around the neck and hollered 'You're my love!' Then she tried to drag him into the car with her. It took the help of two other Yankee players to disentangle Yogi from her grip. Some girls have even actually staged undressing scenes in front of the player's entrance.

A "baseball Annie" had a good deal to do with the fade-out of the Pittsburgh Pirates from the pennant picture last year after they'd gotten off to a rousing start. The girl called one of the Pirate players on the phone in his hotel room and asked him to step down to her room to pick up an important message.

When the ball-player entered the room, he found it was dark save for a silhouette closed to the window. Then the silhouette threw herself in his arms. She was stark naked.

Unfortunately for this brash buccaneer, he didn't get out while the getting was good. Instead, he began a liaison which adversely affected his play. In fact, the girl in the case was something of a sex maniac and when the affair got too strenuous for our hero he got himself off the hook by helping the girl entrap another Pirate player with a weakness for curvy oddballs.

(Continued on next page)

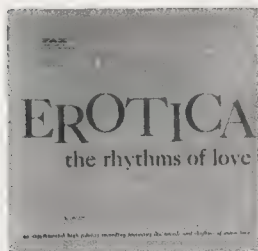


On road trips, ballplayers are constantly harassed by females ready for fun or frolic. Many clubs hire private eyes to keep tabs on their stars.

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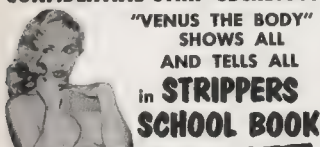
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## Players, Babes & Booze

(Continued from page 54)

A similar trick by a girl in Chicago some years ago nearly cost a star first-baseman his life. He was Eddie Waitkus, of the Phillies, and the girl who enticed him turned out to be a love-added mental case who decided she'd never be able to get Waitkus and would therefore have to kill him.

As the Phillies' star entered her room in response to her message, the girl picked up a .22-calibre rifle and shot him in the lung.

Although Waitkus managed to stave off death, the tragedy ruined him as a top-caliber ballplayer, and cast a pall of defeatism over his ball club.

Ball-players who become entangled with skirts run other risks as well. While the Chicago White Sox were in spring training in Tucson, Arizona, a local girl charged that she'd been seduced by one of their infielders. It threw the player for a loop—and his wife for a double loop.

Investigation showed the girl had been along with him only once and that was out on the street in board daylight. It also turned out the girl was a congenital liar, but the player's marriage nearly broke up anyway.

A week later, the girl charged she'd been seduced by three other White Sox players. Although this new accusation was so patently ridiculous the papers wouldn't even print the charge, the White Sox management and the players' wives worried themselves sick. The team became so upset they started the season by losing every game for a week.

The most fearsome of all female plagues for a big-league ballplayer is the paternity suit. Most paternity trials are set up today in such a manner that the defendant is convicted whether there is a case or not.

Pitcher Billy Loes and infielder Junior Gilliam had to struggle through paternity cases in recent years and the ordeal affected their skills as ballplayers. A paternity case cost the great Dodger relief pitcher, Hugh Casey, his life as well as his career.

Casey was charged with bastardy by a model named Hilda Weissman. Casey sobbed to a jury that he was innocent, but they convicted him anyway. He had to separate from his wife, and a few

months later, blew his brains out with a 16-gauge shotgun.

How can baseball solve its great-dame problem? "Private eyes can't do it alone," says Ferris Fain, a former American League batting champ whose own career went way downhill after a mix-up with a Baseball Annie. "After all, only one or two may be assigned to a club and they only follow players when there are grounds for suspicion.

"My solution is to have a KEEPER assigned to every ballplayer and to have the players locked up with their keepers every night at 10 o'clock.

"That's the only sure way to keep players safe," concludes Fain, "because the dames are everywhere and they can hurt you a hundred ways!"

## Land for Free

(Continued from page 6)

and Paradise Valleys to Smoke Tree and Joshua Tree and Twenty-nine Palms. On a more limited scale, tracts have been released by the government as far north as Michigan and as far south as Florida. That's a pretty wide choice of location.

The government doesn't just give you land on a silver platter and let you do whatever you will with it. You'll have to do a lot of your own investigating and checking to get the land you want. Then you will have to meet certain requirements before getting title.

If you want to get a free farm in Alaska you'll come generally under the homestead regulations which are administered by the Bureau of Land Management of the Department of the Interior. To be eligible, you have to be 21 years old and a citizen or prove that you intend to become one. Before applying, you have to go out and find a tract, which may be up to 160 acres, in the public domain. You then have to do your own checking and make sure that the land is not being used for some other purpose such as for mining, timber, or a wild life refuge.

After you file your application and pay a fee of ten dollars, you must establish residence within six months. Then you must start breaking, tilling and sowing the soil and within three years you must have a certain percentage of the acreage under cultivation.

There are other regulations covering

maximum leaves of absence from the land and minimum improvements that have to be made on it by which you must abide. Finally, you must submit proof of your compliance with all the regulations within five years and then you can get title to the land. You can get all details on homesteading by writing to the Bureau of Land Management, Washington 25, D.C.

Opportunities for homesteading in the United States are greatest on project lands administered by the Bureau of Reclamation. Here too, homestead laws generally apply with some additions. To be eligible you must have at least two years of full-time farm experience or two years of college training in agriculture. You have to have a minimum capital of from \$4,500 to \$6,000 and you must be "industrious, of good character, and good physical condition."

The capital is not to pay for the land, but to prove that you can afford to buy the equipment that you will need. Tracts are given free, but you will have to pay a proportional share of the irrigation water that is fed to the farms.

Announcements of homestead openings are carried by press and radio. You can get general information by writing to the Bureau of Reclamation, Department of the Interior, Washington 25, D.C. Regional offices will send you more specific information and put you on the mailing list of announced openings upon request.

The procedure and requirements for getting small tract lands are different, although here again you have to find your own. The Bureau of Land Management administers this and supplies information on acreage in the various states. Finding vacant land that might be classified for small tracts can be a long complicated process. You can get up to five acres, but you have to pay the government for it. The price varies, but the average cost is under \$25 an acre.

Once you find a tract that meets the provisions you pay a \$10 filing fee plus about another \$15 against rental of the land. You will have a lease that may cover from one to three years. At the end of that time you must have made certain minimum improvements, depending on the location. This may include a habitable house with permanent sanitation and compliance with local zoning laws. You can get information on small tracts from the Bureau of Land Management in Washington, D.C.

Yes, you can get that piece of land you want either for nothing or at a very cheap price. It won't be easy. You don't have to worry about fighting hostile Redskins as the pioneers did, but you will have to struggle with the red tape of civilized government. This alone is a task for hardy souls! ●

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# Sin in Suburbia

(Continued from page 29)

home improvement campaigns and all other phases of suburban life.

"He even organizes sex.

"Newcomers to Suburbia are usually shocked when a neighbor's party suddenly becomes a mate-swapping orgy. But they also get a perverse thrill out of being included in such an affair. It means they have been 'accepted.' To refuse to participate would mean non-conformity—the greatest social sin in America today.

"In a suburban society dominated by the Organizational Man, the creed is: 'Anything goes, so long as we do it together.'"

A recent poll of householders in Levittown, L. I., showed that the No. 1 topic of conversation was the complaint that too many dogs were running unleashed. The No. 2 topic was crabgrass. The No. 3 topic was the threat of World Communism.

But this poll, illuminating though it was, covered only public conversations between neighbors who are on friendly but not intimate terms. Another poll, dealing with private discussions over back fences and living room Martinis, showed that the No. 1 topic for suburbanites is Sex (followed by dogs, crabgrass, etc.).

In other words, neighbors don't immediately start talking about community scandals when they meet by chance in the supermarket or on the commuter train. But they get around to this subject sooner or later (usually sooner) and it outlasts all other varieties of chit-chat.

"So many people are on approximately the same level economically and socially. They're scrambling for success. They tend to be new in the community and they're unstable and insecure. When they see someone else fail, they themselves feel a rung, high—and this is a great reason for gossip. I think socially we're flying apart." Says a noted Minister.

A few years ago, social workers were to be found almost exclusively in big city slums. Today, there are more social workers in the suburbs than in the cities. With millions of other Americans, they have moved from urban squalor to the green pastures of spanking new housing developments. But the same old problems confront them—juvenile delin-

quency, parental neglect, broken homes.

In the cities, poverty was blamed for these by-products of American civilization. In Suburbia, there is no such excuse. The residents of Suburbia, U.S.A., have more money and more leisure time than any other comparative population group in the world. And yet, despite their highly-touted "togetherness," suburban couples are drifting apart much faster than their city cousins.

Says UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, a resident of suburban Libertyville, Ill.: "Suburbia is producing a strange half-life of divided families and Sunday fathers."

Commuting husbands are away from home an average of at least 12 hours each working day. Deducting 8 hours of sleep from their remaining 12 hours in the suburbs, this leaves them no more than 4 hours a day for their wives, children, hobbies, relaxation and community affairs.

The suburban wife, on the other hand, has more idle time than any *hausfrau* ever has enjoyed before. With electric gadgets to handle her household chores; nursery school for her toddlers and regular classes for her older offspring, she is "at liberty" almost from the moment she kisses her husband goodbye in the morning until she welcomes him home at night.

If she tires of gossiping with neighbors and touring the stores and beauty parlors, there are always more basic attractions. Namely, men. Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba never had so many ready and willing males on tap as the suburban housewife does. Each day, Mrs. America reviews a parade of milkmen, postmen, deliverymen, repairmen, solicitors, collectors and salesmen peddling everything from storm windows to instant romance.

If she's inclined to cheat, she has an endless variety of prospective lovers beating a path to her door.

Hubby, in turn, has unlimited opportunities for cheating in town. When he phones home to announce he is "working late at the office," he knows very well that his spouse can't simply hop on a subway and see for herself whether he's really burning the midnight oil.

Psychiatrists, marriage counselors and social service specialists all agree that the suburbanites who comprise a third of America's population also account for at least two-thirds of the nation's extramarital love affairs.

"When I began practicing out here, I was amazed at how much more opportunity there was for sexual indiscretion," says a young psychiatrist practicing in a typical suburban community. "With the husband away from home and in a distinctly different place—the city, as opposed to his working just down the



**With time on her hands, suburban housewife gets bored, seeks love.**

street—suburban wives tend to get involved in a lot more affairs than their urban counterparts.

"Another possible reason for this is that, in the city, people are more apt to go to theaters, restaurants, museums, whereas in Suburbia it's more of a party and country-club life—with more opportunity for sexual affairs.

"Of course, I'd always heard stories about those wild suburban sex binges. But those stories, which I thought were idle rumors, didn't prepare me for the facts of suburban life. I was really surprised at how easy it is to have an affair in Suburbia. For many women, it's more difficult NOT to get involved."

One sign of the times is that Milton Thompson of suburban Kansas City, Kansas, is both a marriage counselor and a private detective. When clients ignore his counsel and continue drifting apart, he helps one side or the other get divorce evidence.

Hundreds of divorce lawyers who used to commute to city offices now have begun practicing in their suburban towns. And business is better than ever.

Because Mom runs the home, pays the bills, supervises the children and makes most decisions in suburban life, social workers call Suburbia "out matriarchal society." Many trained observers believe this situation is the root of suburban evils.

From a series of clinical studies, doctors conclude that mass frigidity is resulting from the tendency of suburban women to assume the dominant role in the family.

"The effect of such a role exchange on the couple's sexual relations is disastrous," reports Dr. Maurice E. Linden, director of Philadelphia's Mental Health Division. "The husband becomes a passive partner in the face of his wife's aggressiveness. The wife, in turn, finds

## 39



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## Sin in Suburbia

(Continued from page 59)

In other instances, the authors cite the prevalence of cheating by husbands who maintained mistresses in Manhattan. One particularly horrifying report concerns a suburban house wife who begs to be locked up to the local police station, where she babbles incoherently of performing sexual perversions with her husband.

## Love for Rent

(Continued from page 13)

that he meant he'd get a cut from us, but none from the girls.

We made the deal, then went out for dinner. According to our bellboy the girls would arrive at 10, on the button. We got back then, wondering if they would be on time.

They were. We flipped. The South is noted for pretty girls and the two who knocked were right in the front ranks. Everyone was very nice. And business-like, too.

The girls, it developed, weren't interested in going out—not even for a price. It was Saturday, their busiest time. We managed to get out of keeping our date that night by pretending we had a business meeting. But—could we call them sometime? They refused

Are the pressures of keeping up with the Joneses responsible for these appalling misdeeds among many of the men and women of Inner Suburbia? Sociologists are inclined to think so. Yet some scientists—as well as psychiatrists, confessed that the accent on organized conformity in suburbia throws them. It works, you see, with sin as well as religion and other community affairs.

But they needn't worry about the problem of conformity. Others are doing it for them, as, for example, three jaded couples in Overland Park, Mo., who recently formed an "Anti-Conformity League to fight the chief bugaboo of the suburbs. They soon gave it up because like the suburban sex clubs, they discovered they were getting too well organized!"

to leave a number. "The bell boy will know where to reach us," one said.

The thing that puzzled us, though, was that the girls wore no coats when they came in. It could have been the Southland's balmy climate, we thought, but since said climate was cold enough to freeze the arms off Kelcey's pet ape, we figured someone else was balmy.

And so we got noseey. What we learned was this: the girls were stashed into empty rooms in the hotel, mostly "check-out rooms," which guests have just vacated and where it may be hours before they're made up again. Sometimes, when a hotel has plenty of space available, the check-out room isn't touched for a day, so the girls manage to smoke and wait there in comparative freedom from detection. They never live in the hotel, but are sneaked in by employees who deal directly with the town's sin Queen or ruling hoodlum and let the girls out when a guest expresses a desire for female companionship—with money no object.

Slipups are few; one could be catastrophic. In the town we first visited, we know it would split the hotel wide open. But we figure that ultimately someone will wise up. And spoil the fun!

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## Cat with 9 Lives

(Continued from page 9)

the brow of a ridge before setting off in pursuit.

When we reached the crest there was no sign of life in sight. Just below, at the foot of the ridge, was a wide *donga*. On each side of the dry watercourse the lush grass grew three feet high, affording excellent cover for beasts of prey. For that reason it had been left untouched by grazing herds of common wild life. Obviously the big cats I was trailing were either in the *donga* or the tall grass. I started down the slope as quickly as I could go, hoping for a good shot at close range.

I'd covered half the distance to the *donga* (about 75 yards) when the grass on the opposite side suddenly parted and I could see the long back of a lion making his way through the sea of grass like some aquatic animal, headed for the opposite crest. It was soon followed by two other tawny backs in single file. All three were males, and fine specimens with massive heads and long names.

Standing on clean open ground where the grass had been cropped short by grazing herds, I went to work on my targets. I was using a 30.06 rifle with a 220-grain delayed mushroom type of bullet, which is extremely effective at long range. (It isn't ideal if you have to stop dead a wounded lion in thick cover.)

My first bullet dropped No. 2 in line. The beast in the rear turned and faced the direction of the shot. I fired the second barrel, and he too went down. Meanwhile the lead lion, taking advantage of the low grass, slithered off and was gone.

For a moment I couldn't see either of the cats I'd hit. Then the head and shoulders of the first one showed above the grass as he raised himself on his forelegs. Evidently I'd hit him in the spine, his rear end seemed paralyzed. The high grass also hid the second one, but not for long. Almost instantly he was on his feet, all four of them planted firmly under him, seeking the source of his hurt. Spotting me, without a second's hesitation he charged.

The distance he had to go gave me time to reload. Clearing the *donga* with one gigantic leap, he tore through the

high grass and emerged onto the open ground where I stood. He was less than 30 feet away when I got my first unobstructed view of him, took careful aim and fired. The bullet struck him fair in the chest, killing him instantly.

Fundi and several of the porters were behind us, with instructions to keep out of sight until a kill was made. Hearing the shots, they came up. I left the skinner and one porter to remove the hide of the fallen monarch, and followed by the two remaining porters set out to dispatch the lion I'd paralyzed, who was still concealed in the tall grass.

Crossing the *donga*, we slowly beat our way toward his hiding place. It was tense, nerve-racking work. Tracking down a wounded lion in heavy cover... even when he's as badly hit as this one seemed to be... is far from a onesided affair. As numerous tombstones in the Nairobi graveyard will attest.

Our quarry remained hidden until we were less than 20 yards away. Then he let out a penetrating roar, raised up and did his utmost to get at me. Dragging himself forward by the front paws, he again was out of sight momentarily. His blood-curdling growls and the violent swaying of the grass told me he wasn't making much progress. Not wishing to waste a shot, I closed to half the distance separating us.

He came up on his forefeet to meet me, his orbs blazing green fire, his lips wrinkled in a ferocious snarl, every hair on his mane standing on end. I fired for the brain. He fell without a sigh or gasp. Approaching closer, I saw the blood pouring from his nostrils. Another shot was unnecessary, the king was dead.

Two down, one to go. I left the two porters to guard the carcass until Fundi and his companion could take care of it and with Karioki pushed on after the remaining lion. Which by this time had gotten over the rise and disappeared.

When a fleeing feline goes over the ridge, enters cover and is out of sight of his pursuer, there is no way to determine what direction he'll take. The only thing certain about these beasts is their unpredictability. The art of taking full advantage of every inch of cover to throw off pursuit is second nature with them. All the hunter can do is try to outsmart them, and that's easier to say than to do.

Reaching the top of the incline, I studied the landscape. To the south, at the bottom of the valley, was another *donga* similar to the one we'd just crossed, and beyond that another gently rising slope like the one behind us. To the west, only a mile away, was the slope of the Itihanga hills. To the east was open veldt.

(Continued on next page)

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## Cat with 9 Lives

(Continued from page 62)

I reasoned that the fleeing lion wouldn't go east because of the lack of cover. The *donga* offered excellent cover. He could hide there, awaiting the appearance of his erstwhile companions.

Rounding a bend, with Karioki close behind, I came to a "washout" full of clear water. All around in the wet sand were the tracks of rhino, buffalo and other game, and superimposed upon these the pug marks of three lions. Undoubtedly the trio had come this way earlier that morning. A short distance away I spotted a single set of fresh pug marks crossing the *donga*. Near the south bank the tracks were deeply imprinted in the damp sand, the claws spread where the beast had bounded out of the water-course.

Glancing up, I was galvanized by the sight of a huge tawny form lying ominously still on a rocky shelf, partly concealed by some bushes!

As our eyes met he growled savagely, his tail lashed furiously and he gathered himself for the charge. My rifle flew my shoulder. Instinctively I drew a bead on his head because I was afraid that a chest shot might not kill him dead. In which case he'd be down on top of me in an instant. Just as I pressed the trigger he jerked his head. The roar admitting a hit could be heard clear back to camp. (In fact I later learned that the boys left in camp had been able to follow the entire progress of the hunt by the roars and shots they heard.)

Hit but not mortally wounded, he whirled about and leaped for the shelter of a huge boulder. Just as he reached it I fired again, heard the smack of the bullet as it hit home. But even this didn't stop him.

I didn't dare follow him up the steep slope, where both my hands would be occupied with climbing. To face the charge of a wounded lion in this position would be plain suicide. About 30 yards farther along a game trail crossed the *donga*, making for easy climbing. I took it, Karioki at my heels. The high grass and thick underbrush on this side offered excellent concealment, I was unable to spot our quarry. Just ahead of me was an anthill six or seven feet high.

a made-to-order observation post. I clambered up and surveyed the scene.

About 40 yards away, his back toward me, crouched the lion. He was watching intently the trail along which he'd just come. In my long experience with dangerous wild game, I've been ambushed by four different species: elephant, buffalo, leopard and lion. Had I started straight up the bank toward this cat, he'd have been on me and torn me to shreds before I could even raise my rifle, let alone fire it. As it was, he was so intent on watching and waiting for me that he was completely unaware I was in plain sight, watching him from the nearby anthill.

The stern shot was all that offered. I aimed carefully, hoping to cripple him so he would be unable to run. For the third time that morning my bullet struck him, and failed to stop him.

He sprang to his feet with a defiant roar. Twice he looked in the wrong direction before he finally located me on the anthill. Growling ferociously, his ears flattened back, his mane standing on end, bunched up almost in a ball, his back arched, he virtually flew thru the air at me. I'd already faced one charging lion that morning, and frankly I wasn't enthusiastic about facing another. Especially one who'd taken three high-powered bullets, and still kept coming.

However I didn't seem to have much choice in the matter.

Suddenly, almost in midair, he sheered off at an angle *away* from the mound where I stood. Surprised, I hastily swung the muzzle of my rifle in his direction and fired. Again he went down, snarling with rage. Again he was on his feet, charging even more sharply away from me.

Action under such circumstances is lightning fast, much faster than the words to describe it. But the human mind works even more rapidly. My first thought was that the charge was a bluff, the cowardly lion was running away. Then it struck me that his demoniacal fury was directed against another object.

Glancing in the direction of the charge I saw Karioki, minus his blanket and as naked as the day he was born, very earnestly attempting to establish a new world sprint record. Even as I watched he either stepped into a pig hole, or tripped. At any rate he fell flat on his face, disappearing from sight in the tall grass.

The lion was so close to him that I didn't dare fire for fear of hitting him. I leaped down off my perch and ran through the grass toward them. Growling deep in his throat, the big feline sprang upon the boy like a cat leaping on a mouse. The broad, malevolent head darted downward once, then turned in

my direction as I closed the few yards remaining between us. One side of it was covered with blood, evidently the result of one of my shots. The great tawny beast stood astride the prostrate black, broadside to me, balefully glaring at me as if debating whether to finish off its helpless victim first or postpone that pleasure in favor of meeting the immediate challenge.

I had to kill him instantly. Although the range was short, I couldn't risk another head shot because his last dying bite might be fatal to my unfortunate gunbearer. Six inches below the top of the shoulder blades, dead in the middle of his back, is the nerve center controlling the motion of all four legs. It is close enough to the brain to cause instant and complete paralysis, if damaged. I tried for this shot. And made it.

Without a sound the uncanny beast collapsed on top of Karioki. This time it didn't get up.

By dint of great effort I managed to roll the huge, 450-pound carcass clear of the unfortunate native. Karioki sat up, dumb with shock, shivering as if from an attack of ague. There was a single, deep gash about four inches long in his right shoulder. As no fang or claw marks were visible, I was unable to account for this strange wound. Until I examined the dead beast.

My first bullet had knocked out the fangs on one side and shattered the jaw bone. (It was the splintered bone that gashed Karioki's shoulder.) The second had hit the flank, but missed a vital organ. The third was near the root of the tail, a fraction of an inch too low to break a bone. The fourth was behind the shoulders, too far back to be immediately fatal. The fifth had hit exactly where I aimed, and accomplished immediately what all the others had failed to do.

I rushed the injured gunbearer back to camp and applied first aid. Syringing the gash with a weak solution of permanganate of potash, before closing it I filed it with an iodoform and boracic ointment. Then I put a pad smeared with the same ointment over the wound and bandaged it up tight. I put him to bed with a stiff peg of brandy (the first he'd ever tasted) to settle his nerves.

There were no complications, within 10 days he was ready to hit the trail again.

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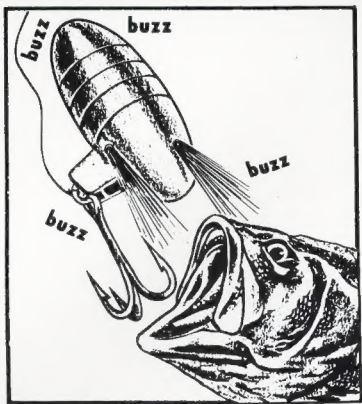
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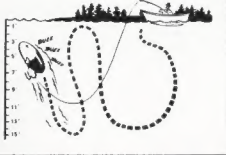
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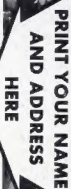
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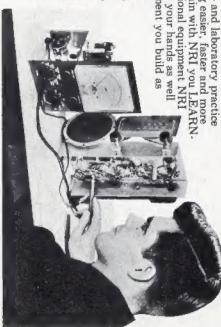
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